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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Barbara Castle

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Lord Altrincham's Crime

THE comic threats of shooting and horse-whipping, culminating in a physical assault on Lord Altrincham, show that there still exist a few primitive people who accept—or for political reasons think the masses ought to accept—the magical, sacrosanct theory of monarchy. These people crop up from time to time in our *This England* column; we have heard in our day of the 'King's weather' and the 'Royal touch'; and only the other day a local councillor thought it 'iniquitous' to question a law signed by Her Majesty. This tribal notion of monarchy as a source of fertility and prosperity, a taboo, not to be discussed or criticised, seemed to have died in the rationalist nineteenth century; it has been revived in our generation by the press—and by the BBC, which permits only adulation of the monarchy and makes itself ridiculous by playing 'God Save the Queen' on all possible and impossible occasions. It treats Prince Charles as if he were a race-horse in training for the Derby instead of a normal little boy—which he is unlikely to remain if he is made the constant centre of a national ballyhoo.

Lord Altrincham's crime is to have attempted to counter this superstitious stuff. He criticised the Queen's prim reading of prepared speeches and was properly concerned about Prince Charles's education. This journal paved the way with Malcolm Muggeridge's remarkable article on 'Royal Soap Opera'. When the Queen acceded to the throne we suggested that she had a great chance of putting the monarchy onto a saner footing. Daylight had, in any case, been let into the magic of monarchy (to recall Bagehot's famous phrase); and none of it was left after Edward VIII had been bundled off the throne. Therefore the alternative for the monarchy, unless it were to go the way of so many others, was to break with tradition and substitute common sense for superstition. We suggested, as Lord Altrincham has done in his article in the *National Review*, that the Queen's first job was to clear up the court; he said quite truly in his ITV interview that some members of her entourage would have been out of date in the reign of Charles II. They belong to the realm of caricature. There was never any doubt that Elizabeth II would be a dutiful, conscientious and constitutional queen. There was no reason why she should not also be on some occasions her spontaneous self and get rid of some of the elaborate protocol which obviously bores the Duke of Edinburgh and must often surely seem ludicrous to her. He has some real understanding of the kind of job monarchy can properly perform; his success as a broadcaster in an intellectual field has earned him everyone's respect. The Queen allows herself to be identified with horse-racing.

What has actually happened is that the royal family has achieved the kind of popularity accorded to film stars. The press writes up their dress, their trivial utterances, and creates for them glamorous images which sell newspapers but do not convince anyone. The more of such glamour surrounds them the less genuine importance they have. Some people—the BBC authorities perhaps—regard monarchy as an ace of trumps which could be played as a last resort to defeat Communism. This theory has deluded the aristocracy in many countries now republics. When the royal card is played against revolution it turns out to be a two of clubs.

Few monarchies now survive in the West. The exceptions are the Scandinavian countries where they are popular, dignified figures playing an intelligible constitutional role. The plea that such a development is impossible in Britain because the Queen is head of an Empire is now worthless; the majority of Commonwealth citizens no longer even acknowledge the Queen's sovereignty. The argument that remains for the monarchy is that it is constitutionally preferable to the presidential form of government since it enables people more smoothly to change their government; there are psychological advantages in having a hereditary monarch who is not involved every time the public decides to 'kill the king' at a general election. But such a monarchy cannot flourish if the royal family is wrapped in tinsel and protected against rational and constructive criticism by a host of self-appointed champions—archbishops, metropolitan magistrates, mayoresses and sycophantic press proprietors.

Comments on the Week's News

Mr Dulles Clears the Air

Mr Dulles has been and gone without achieving anything of significance. His chief object in visiting London was to clear up the confusion in western policies over the zones of inspection. After two days of talks with other western delegates, he appears to have achieved this, and the joint western proposals he tabled last week are a compromise which offers Russia two alternatives: a 'latitudinal' zone which includes all the Arctic Circle, plus Alaska and a portion of Eastern Siberia; and a 'longitudinal' zone, extending to the 40th Parallel, from longitude 10° W. to 60° E. Statements already made by both Mr Krushchev and Mr Zorin make it clear that Russia is unlikely to accept the Arctic Zone plan, and with good reason. Although it includes few major bases on either side, it does cover the Soviet long-range air assault routes to North America, without giving any corresponding coverage of US air assault routes from Britain, South Europe, Pakistan and the Far East. In short, it would give the United States a very considerable military advantage. Much the same criticism can be made of the second alternative, which covers nearly all of Europe and part of Soviet Asia. This area includes all the principal Soviet strategic air bases in the western hemisphere, but omits US bases in Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Pakistan, Greenland and Iceland. A more fundamental criticism, however, emerged during the discussion which followed the tabling of the proposals. In reply to questions from Mr Zorin, M Moch and Mr Stassen replied that the inspection system would not come into force until after a disarmament agreement has been concluded, and that a disarmament agreement would be conditional on acceptance of the inspection system. In short, far from being a short cut to a disarmament treaty, the inspection zone plan seems to be merely an additional obstacle to it. In this respect, at least, Mr Dulles' visit has certainly cleared the air.

Back to Berlin

The first, though no doubt less public, purpose of Mr. Krushchev's visit to Berlin will be to ensure that the East German regime understands and accepts the new dispensation in the Kremlin. It seems to be Mr. Krushchev's desire to avoid dramatic changes of persons and policies in the satellites; he hopes to induce the local Communist leaders to accommodate themselves to the new line. That, incidentally, was the intention after the 20th Congress. But local Stalinists resisted changes as long as they could look to the diehard faction in the Kremlin for support, with the result that new men inevitably came to the top when the Stalinist position became untenable. This is one explanation of the apparent stability of the Czech regime last year and this year. It gave way sufficiently. In East Germany, too, enough has been done to take the edge off popular discontent: Mr Krushchev's present intention must be to nudge Mr Grotewohl into making more agreeable noises about the Poles and the Yugoslavs in the interests of the harmony of all 'peace-lovers'. His second purpose is to endorse the Grotewohl plan for German unification. This first appears to be only a reversion to the original Molotov proposal by which the Germans should themselves achieve unification, coupled with warnings against the dangers of 'mechanical' unification secured by all-German elections. But it contains one phrase which differs significantly from the old Soviet plan. It speaks of a 'confederation' of the two Germanys. This phrase, of course, is open to a variety of interpretations, which would duly appear in any negotiations. As the basis of a common-sense solution of the German question it has much to commend it—if either side were in earnest about ending partition. It would permit two things which seem to be vital to the Russians – some kind of face-saver for the East German regime, and some guarantee that the 'Socialist achievements' of that regime would not simply be cancelled out by the West. This plan, however, makes no concession at all to the western proposals designed to help Dr Adenauer get re-elected. These, as Walter Lippmann has correctly remarked, give the Federal Republic the power of veto over any disarmament proposals until the Russians accept German reunification 'on terms which amount to unconditional surrender'.

Krushchev and Tito

Mr Krushchev has had another dab at the Yugoslav problem – an item which now appears as regularly on the Kremlin agenda as Home Rule did when the Irish were plaguing Liberal Cabinets in Britain. This time, Marshal Tito was evidently anxious for some more permanent agreement and to some extent reassured after the purge of the Kremlin diehards that Mr Krushchev would not be forced to breathe cold again as soon as he gets home. The conference on the 'neutral' ground of Rumania seems, therefore, to have been calmer and possibly more businesslike. It has effectively re-established party ties between Belgrade and Moscow – though on terms which give Marshal Tito his points about 'equality', 'independence', and 'non-interference'. Some agreement about moderating the violent hostility of the Albanian regime to Tito seems also to have been reached. The communiqué seems further to imply that Tito has ceased to flirt with the idea of yet another 'international', which would have included neutralists, left-wing Socialists and some colonial nationalists. This idea never got off the ground, and now the prototype seems to be quietly abandoned in favour of 'fraternal co-operation' with 'peace-loving and progressive forces throughout the world' including the Communist regimes and parties. Tito may also have expressed some views on the Hungarian situation. But this has now become desperately confused, and no one – perhaps not the Marshal himself – knows what he would like to happen in Budapest.

The Case of Mr Timothy

For voters who cannot read, newspapers have particular power; read out by the literate they speak with double authority. This, combined with the involuntary near-monopoly of the *Daily Mirror*-owned Ghana *Daily Graphic*, may explain, though not excuse, the Ghana government's deportation of Mr Bankole Timothy, a moderate, if persistent and sometimes brash critic of both the government and opposition. Mr Timothy, the deputy-editor of the *Graphic*, once wrote a rather fulsome biography of Dr Nkrumah, in which his own anti-imperialism was impeccable. That has not saved him from being made a scapegoat. When Mr Krobo Edusei, one of Dr Nkrumah's less-experienced ministers, returned from London shortly before Dr Nkrumah himself returned from the Commonwealth conference, he promised government supporters to adopt a 'tough' policy. They were restive because another opposition movement had arisen, this time in Accra itself; because of allegations of corruption against some minister; and because the government was thought to lack direction. Deportation of Mr Timothy (a West African but, unlike the rest of the *Graphic's* writers, not a Ghanaian) and the attempted deportation (it is being fought in the courts) of two minor opposition politicians alleged to be Nigerians, seems to be a fulfilment of the promise. Ghana government spokesmen were no doubt surprised by the flood of protests – including a resolution of the Commonwealth Press Union which recently entertained Dr Nkrumah as an honoured guest. Perhaps this explains why, when they had previously said that his conduct was 'not conducive to the public good', they now accuse Mr Timothy of unspecified 'subversive activities'. That charge will not stand up. Nobody denies Ghana's authority to deport, which the British once used in the Gold Coast against Dr Azikiwe. But Dr Nkrumah would show both strength and wisdom by overriding his political advisers and rescinding the deportation.

India's Dilemma

On the tenth anniversary of Independence India may claim that she has falsified all the gloomy prophecies of Balkanisation, economic disaster, and communal strife. She finds herself, however, in the familiar dilemma of all those peasant countries which have decided rapidly to transform themselves into modern, industrial ones. If immense amounts of capital are to be put into vast industrial development, then the community as a whole has to save, and improvements in the standard of life must in some degree be postponed, urgently desirable though they are. The Communist countries have dealt with, but not solved, this problem, by a dictatorship; brutal methods have compelled workers and peasants to make 'sacrifices' for the sake of five-year-plans which have enabled their countries to make atom bombs but not to guarantee their peasants two meals a day. India's five-year-plan is conceived on a democratic basis; people must be persuaded – and without the aid of the various methods of 'persuasion' employed by a disciplined Communist Party – to forgo for the present the economic advantages which they believe would inevitably come to them when imperial exploitation ended. The gravity of this dilemma is now apparent to everyone in the impending strike of civil servants. So great is the threatened disaster that Nehru has himself carried through the Indian Parliament a Bill conferring on the government special powers to declare such a strike illegal with severe penalties for those who hold up essential services. Naturally, Communists and Socialists are using this situation to organise the first genuine anti-Nehru demonstrations; they can rely on wide support, since the pay of many civil servants is shockingly low and contrasts sharply with the comfort of too many Congress officials. Relevant arguments

about inflation do not appeal to empty bellies. Western nations, spending a fortune on nuclear weapons, might well consider whether a loan of £300m. to India would not be a more sane way of defending 'the free world'.

Skirmish in Queensland

The Australian Labour Party has held power in Queensland for the last 25 years, and for the greater part of this century. Though it has now lost power, thanks to a deep rift in the party, the total vote of the Labour factions actually increased, and the leader of the Liberal-Country party coalition, Mr Nicklin, now finds himself in office almost by accident on a minority vote. The real battle in the election was between the official Labour Party, which supports Dr Evatt and which managed to hold almost all the 24 seats which it retained after the party split in half, and the Queensland Labour Party – predominantly Catholic – which has dropped from 24 to 12 seats. The breakaway movement, led by the former state premier, Mr Gair, was the local expression of the Catholic and right-wing faction which has been fighting a losing battle against Dr Evatt for control of the Australian Labour Party. Its losses, and the fact that the split has lost Labour control of its most secure stronghold, may induce some waverers who have vacillated between Dr Evatt and the Catholic Action groups to cleave more strongly to the official party. But, at the same time, the dissidents have proved themselves a going concern: though they are clearly unable to take over the ALP they are undoubtedly capable of denying it power on the state and the federal level if they push their factionalism to the limits reached in Queensland. Dr Evatt may be consolidating his position within the party, but the price of beating down the factional challenge could very well be a long period out of office.

Commonwealth Free-for-all?

With the advent of Ghana and Malaya to independence there has been much debate on the sources from which they, and other emergent territories, may obtain funds for their development. The White Paper on the United Kingdom's role in Commonwealth Development, just published, makes it clear that this government proposes to throw them overboard to sink or swim, with no more than a little advice from the bank. They are to be cut off from Colonial Development and Welfare funds from the date of independence, and denied all government-to-government loans. The Colonial Development Corporation is to be prevented from assisting them with new investment, though it will be permitted to support existing projects. There will be no machinery for investment priorities, and no control by parliament. Commonwealth countries, new or old, will compete in the London market with Britain's own industrial demands for the money they need, paying the high rates of interest dictated by Mr. Thorneycroft's policy. The White Paper cites the great amount of private investment that has poured into the Commonwealth since the war, but ignores the contributions to Britain's sterling balances made by the colonial territories in that period, contributions which have made Britain a net importer of capital. It makes only passing reference to the difficulties experienced in raising colonial loans in London and the high interest rates incurred; and it says nothing about recent fluctuations in primary produce prices or the Government's refusal to support proposals for international commodity control.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Distant Prospect of Capitol Hill

President Eisenhower must have moments when he regrets not so much that the 22nd Amendment limits him to two terms in office but that it didn't limit him to one. 'My goodness,' he was heard to mutter after last week's press conference, 'it gets hot in here'. He may have had only the temperature in mind, of course, but if he spoke figuratively, he was easily justified, for the reporters had been so rough on him that they might almost have been mistaken for members of Congress.

A few months ago it looked as though the President had politically regained the upper hand after many of his partisans on Capitol Hill had blasted him for proposing a budget they couldn't distinguish from one of Mr Truman's. In what was disrespectfully referred to in Congressional corridors as 'Operation Butter-up,' the President invited relays of legislators to breakfast at the White House, where opinions and good will were swapped over bacon and eggs. The revolt soon simmered down, and it appeared that the Republicans would not only achieve a new unity but score a first-class political coup by giving the country's Negro citizens their biggest legislative boost since Reconstruction.

Unhappily for the President, many of the Congressmen, of both parties, failed to stay buttered. Since the breakfast experiment they have opposed him on mutual aid appropriations; they have scuttled a bill to help build badly needed schools; and they have so thinned out the civil rights bill that if it doesn't evaporate altogether, it should.

What is perhaps hardest for the President to swallow in this turn of events is that much of the blame for it is being laid at his door. Northern Democrats who promoted the school-construction bill, which he had so often requested, are especially irate at the 'lack of leadership' that allowed it to die when only five more votes would have saved it. 'If the President could not have summoned a half-dozen Republican votes to his cause on an issue which he considers vital,' a pro-Eisenhower newspaper noted, 'he has indeed reached a low level of influence on Congress'. Among the half-dozen Representatives he failed to persuade, moreover, were Mr Halleck and Mr Arends, his two top lieutenants in the House. Had he really tried? The evidence is to the contrary. It is being said, in fact, that when Marion B. Folsom, his Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, assured the press that the President would throw his weight behind the school bill, he was called to the White House and reprimanded.

Similarly, Mr Eisenhower's equivocation concerning a major section in the civil rights bill gave the opposition its first breakthrough. Once he had publicly questioned the wisdom of his own Attorney General's proposal, it was no secret that the bill's promoters were torn between a hope that he would come out strongly for the remainder of the bill and a fear that any further comment from him might prove fatal. As it turned out, twelve Republican Senators were to abandon him on the crucial jury-trial amendment which has apparently wrecked the measure and given the Southerners at least another year's breather.

Against this background the President faced the press in an attitude more testy and defensive than he had ever displayed. He had 'never heard' the complaint, he said, that he had 'failed to go to bat' for the school bill. Of course he was for it, but he couldn't be expected to 'get up and make statements every twenty minutes'. Was it true, as influential Democrats charged in the Senate, that 'they could not get co-operation from the White House on the mutual security bill'? It was the first time he had 'ever heard of such a thing', the President said, although his administrator in charge of the programme was at a private vacation retreat throughout the whole of the debate in the House.

As always, the President's sharpest reaction was reserved for the suggestion that even an Administration that offered itself as a crusade is not blind to the charms of money. Did he know, he was asked, that Maxwell Gluck, the man he had appointed ambassador to Ceylon, was a substantial contributor to Republican campaigns though remarkably hazy about the affairs of Asia? Again the President had 'never heard' of such a consideration as the ambassador's $26,000 gift to the Grand Old Party. He thought Mr Gluck could learn what he had to about Asia even if he didn't remember, under Senate questioning, just who was Prime Minister of India. What's more, he exploded, 'I don't take it very kindly as suggesting I would be influenced by such things' as campaign contributions. Surely even a crusader need not have gotten so hot under the armour on this score. Making diplomats of generous though not necessarily well-informed businessmen is an old American custom, which Mr Eisenhower, like his predecessors, has repeatedly honoured in some of the leading capitals of the world.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

Suspended Resignation

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Assembly has already been on holiday a fortnight, but deputies basking in the sun, or quaffing the waters at Vichy, are liable to be summoned back to Paris any moment: the struggle within the Cabinet over cuts in the budget has now become so fierce that there is talk of a ministerial crisis. The man who started it all is M. Felix Gaillard, the 37-year-old Minister of Finance, who has decided to put the brakes on France's disastrous slide into insolvency. Two weeks ago he told the Cabinet that expenditure was rising so much faster than income that, unless drastic measures were taken immediately, the budget deficit for 1958 would rise to £1,400 million. For the past two years, consumption in France has risen much faster than production and the excess of imports over exports is now very substantial indeed. Meanwhile, American aid has finally come to an end, and France has therefore been dipping further and further into her gold and dollar reserves, which are now almost exhausted.

M. Gaillard did not propose to wipe out the deficit altogether, but merely to reduce it to the manageable figure of £830 million by cuts in government expenditure of £560 million. Even so,

these are the biggest cuts ever proposed by a French Minister of Finance, and the ministers whose estimates were affected have set up howls of shocked indignation. The shrillest has come from M. Gazier, the Socialist Minister of Social Affairs, who replied categorically that if M. Gaillard carried out his threat to cut the social service estimates by £60 million, he would promptly resign. M. Gaillard replied that if the cuts were *not* carried out *he* would resign. For two days and three Cabinet meetings, the argument went on. Finally, M. Bourgès-Maunoury went to see M. Mollet, who remains the real prime minister behind the scenes, and asked for his arbitration. Thanks to Mollet, M. Gazier finally agreed to accept cuts of £10 million, while M. Gaillard undertook to cut the remaining £50 million 'somewhere else', as he put it. Until now, no suitable candidate has come forward, and he has pointed out to M. Bourgès-Maunoury that he considers himself in a state of suspended resignation unless and until his original target of £560 million is reached.

The Bourse has taken the wrangle seriously: the price of gold has risen at a record rate, the dollar has now reached 440 francs (as against an official rate of 350) and the pound sterling is now 1,200 (as against 960). Prices, too, are likely to rise. M. Gaillard's economies include the abolition of subsidies in a number of fields, including public transport: rail fares will rise by 10 per cent. and Paris Metro and bus fares by 50 per cent. Food and raw material prices will also rise – this being part of a deliberate attempt by M. Gaillard to cut spending at home and reduce imports. Despite, therefore, the recent increase in the minimum wage, there is likely to be trouble from the unions. They argue that M. Gaillard's diagnosis of the crisis is incorrect: the increase in consumption, they say, has an essentially middle-class character, and can be most effectively reduced by higher income taxes. The political left has an even simpler explanation: the war in Algeria, which is now costing nearly £500 million a year. This, they say, offers room for the most obvious economy of all.

Johannesburg

Strijdom Strikes a Rock

Martin Montaigne writes from Johannesburg: This week is the anniversary of the women's march to Pretoria, and while 19 of the women who led that march last year are sitting out the long treason trial in the Drill Hall, thousands of African women will mark the anniversary by reaffirming their decision not to accept passes. They will not make their protest in signed petition, because it has been revealed in the treason hearing that such petitions are handed directly to the political police. There is growing resentment against the desire of the Strijdom government to make the 2½ million African women subject to the same pass laws under which 600,000 African men were sentenced last year. The legislation has been passed: it remained only for the government to issue the women with their 'reference books'.

The protest has been gathering strength since September 1955, when the Native Affairs Department announced Dr Verwoed's intention of issuing passes to African women. In March 1956, the first books were issued. Since then, in remote country dorps and many towns the women have refused to accept the passes; sometimes they have burned them in public, and on several occasions they have stoned the officials attempting to issue passes. The resistance has been particularly stiff in rural areas, and last year it reached its climax in the march of 20,000 women to Pretoria on 9 August: there, no minister would receive their petitions and they stood for 30 minutes in silent protest, their thumbs raised in the 'Afrika' salute. Then they dispersed, singing in Zulu these words: 'Strijdom, you have tampered with the women, you have struck a rock'.

In May, influx control checks for work and residential permits were to be instituted among Johannesburg's African women. More than 20,000 Africans saw off from Sophiatown a seven-man delegation of protest to the Mayor. Once again this large crowd's behaviour was calm and disciplined, and the police had no pretext to take violent measures. As a result of this demonstration, and of the protests of white householders who fear they will lose their female servants, the permit check has been postponed.

The baas-kap policies of the government and its supporters were sharply illustrated last month at the pleasant town of Standerton, about 100 miles from Johannesburg. On 9 July, the date fixed for the issue of passes to the African women, more than 1,000 of them marched in procession from the location outside town to protest to the local magistrate. The procession was intercepted by a police detachment which fired warning shots and followed them by a baton charge. More than 900 women were charged with staging an illegal procession and they were told to appear in court on 18 July. From that moment, Standerton became a town of fear-filled whites. There were rumours of impending riots by the Africans; arms dealers ran out of ammunition, and 110 heavily armed men were added to the 20-man local police force. Many white families left town to await the outcome of 'the day'. But when 18 July came, the African women came to court, carrying their babies and laughing: they were acquitted because the police had stopped their procession before it entered the town limits.

Since then, several women have been arrested following a demonstration and pass-burning in Balfour; 2,000 African women tried unsuccessfully to see the Mayor of Brakpan in order to tell him of their determination not to accept passes; shots were fired, baton charges made and 61 African women arrested after mass demonstrations in Port Elizabeth; and 3,000 African women refused to accept passes in Pietersburg. Although many passes have been accepted for every one refused, the scale, discipline and widespread occurrence of these protests has been such that even the government only claims that 300,000 passes have been issued in 16 months, although there are more than 2½ million African females over 15 years of age due to receive them.

Policemen in Oman?

MILITARY incompetence, on a scale similar to that displayed at Suez, seems to be turning the Oman affair into a very nasty international incident. From the start, thoughtful people in this country found it disgusting that Britain should help a feudal monarch to suppress a tribal revolt in an area where his legal claims are, to say the least, dubious. But the liquidation of an empire is not an easy operation and it was clearly difficult for Britain bluntly to turn down the Sultan's request without producing serious repercussions elsewhere in the Persian Gulf, where we have more specific treaty obligations, and whose oil plays a vital role in the prosperity of the Sterling Area. Before abandoning our long-established policy of protecting these small states, it was certainly desirable that their boundary disputes with Saudi Arabia should be settled and their territorial integrity guaranteed by some other agency, such as the UN. The incident, this journal pointed out, illustrated the weakness of Britain's position in the Gulf, and the need to transform it on mid-20th century lines. Only if the opportunity was taken to introduce a new, long-term policy, under which we would gradually disengage ourselves from these invidious responsibilities – only then would uncommitted opinion pay attention to the plea that our intervention is a genuine police action and not just oil imperialism.

This argument was based on two assumptions: first that the revolt was small enough to be dealt with by a 'police action', and secondly that we were capable of mounting one quickly and effectively. The first assumption seems to have been justified. Although estimates of the Imam's forces vary, no reliable source places his strength at more than 600 men. It is now clear that the support he received from Saudi Arabia was limited and entirely unofficial, and that most of his arms were shipped via the Muscat Coast, on a commercial basis. The second assumption, however, proved unfounded. Despite the smokescreen of conflicting and misleading information laid down by the local British military and political authorities, enough facts have emerged to show that the police action has seriously misfired.

At the outset of the rising, the Imam effectively demolished the Muscat and Oman Field Forces as a fighting unit. It then became necessary for Britain to intervene. Two military alternatives were open to us. We could fight a campaign on the lines of the December 1955 expedition to Oman, using the Trucial Levies reinforced by a battalion of Cameronians (from Kenya) and some armour from Aden. Or we could fight a North-West Frontier style campaign, using rocket-carrying Venoms to scare the tribesmen into surrender. Since the 1955 expedition had been so successful, and since recent air strikes in Aden had proved remarkably ineffective, Middle East GHQ, with the approval of the Cabinet, opted for the first alternative. It was then discovered that the Hastings and Valetta transports required to transport the Cameronians were not available: they would have to be brought out from Britain. But something had to be done in the meantime, so the North-West Frontier plan was adopted. At this point, inter-service rivalries intervened. The RAF was determined to show that it could do the job single-handed and appears to have won its point at GHQ. There followed nearly two weeks, first of leaflet dropping, then of cannon and rocket strikes, gradually stepped up in numbers and frequency.

By last week, it was clear that these operations had been a total failure. Not only had they failed to persuade the Imam's tribes to desert; they may even have increased his strength by revealing the ineffectiveness of British intervention. So last week, the top brass from Cyprus descended on Muscat and once more changed the plan. Now, it seems, we are to have an Operation Musketeer in miniature: a big, cumbrous ground-air operation, with mounting raids by squadrons of bombers while a majestic ground force is assembled in Buraimi and pushed menacingly into the desert. Like Operation Musketeer, it seems to be based on the assumption that Arabs will, in the last resort, capitulate to the threat of overwhelming force: it is, therefore, just large enough to convince world opinion that an act of aggression is being committed, and just slow enough to ensure that such opinion has time to mobilise. Musketeer failed, as the French pointed out, because it was directed by men who had received their staff training on Operation Overlord. The Oman campaign suffers from an even more serious defect: it is being run by men who still think Musketeer was a military triumph.

In this case, however, there is a possibility that the operation will be completed. Parliament is in recess, and the Labour Party, in any case, has yet to make up its mind about Oman. The UN does not meet for another month, and with America apparently conniving at Britain's action, the Assembly will lack the quasi-unanimity which made it such an effective moral force during the Suez crisis. No doubt, therefore, we shall be permitted to recapture Nizwa and break up the Imam's forces, but the chances are that both sides will then settle down to a prolonged period of guerilla warfare. Despite its limited size, therefore, the Oman adventure may yet prove more damaging to Britain than the invasion of Egypt.

We can still take steps to change what the world will regard as another revival of oil imperialism into a limited and authorised police operation, preparatory, not to a futile effort to restore British domination, but to a new international settlement of the Middle East. Britain should not wait to be arraigned before the UN by the Arabs, but should herself at once inform the UN Secretary-General of the action she is taking and her reasons for taking it. She should request that UN observers fly out to Muscat and accompany the British forces. She should publicly declare that her object is not just to restore order in Oman, but to obtain a definite agreement on political frontiers in the Arabian peninsula which would make such incidents impossible in the future.

Yugoslavia After Djilas

FIVE weeks ago, talking to Djilas' friend, Vladimir Dedijer, in his Belgrade flat, I was startled to hear him say: 'The statute of the League of Communists which we passed in 1952 was the Magna Carta of the Communist world: all I ask is that we should implement that'. I was impressed by his moderation, for today Dedijer is in political quarantine, while Djilas is in gaol, reluctantly imprisoned by Tito in 1956, after repeated warnings, for violating Article 118 of the Criminal Law which prohibits propaganda hostile to the state. Dedijer's crime was that he defended Djilas's right to speak his mind, believing that this was the test as to whether the Yugoslav Communist party really intended to democratise itself, as the statute of 1952 implied. When I saw him Dedijer still believed this was the best way forward for Yugoslavia. Now Djilas has repudiated him, too.

Inciting his former colleagues to martyr him, Djilas used the breathing space Tito gave him before his arrest to write, and smuggle out of Yugoslavia for publication in America, the most sweeping denunciation of Communism ever published by an ex-Communist, as Djilas now triumphantly admits he is. This book, entitled *The New Class*, is no mere attack on Stalinism or even its Soviet successor, 'collective leadership'. Djilas spares no one in the Communist decalogue. Stalin 'developed' Lenin, runs the thesis, to perfect a despotism, but Lenin himself laid the foundations by changing 'Marx's revolutionary ideas, which were conditional and not universally applicable . . . into absolute and universal principles'. Marxism, he argues, has been used to bring into power a new class which, for the first time in history, has established a new economic order for which the objective conditions were not already present in society. The hallmark of the new order is all-embracing collective ownership of property which the new class appropriates to its own use by means of a party bureaucracy, a very different type of animal from mere administrative bureaucracy because it is answerable to no political authority except its own. To call this state capitalism is to flatter it. By controlling all property, the new class is able to award itself lavish privileges which cut it off from the masses, to whom it distributes such crumbs of consumer goods as it is prepared to spare from the ruthless industrialisation which is its *raison d'être*. By claiming, moreover, to be the sole custodian of 'Socialist' dogma, it exercises the most complete tyranny ever known to man. And Djilas adds the withering rider: 'Yugoslav Communism has been more consistent than other parties in preserving the substance of Communism, yet never renouncing any shape that could be of value to it'.

This is a far cry from the anti-Stalinist reassessment of 1952 when, at the Sixth Congress of the Yugoslav party, Djilas himself took the lead in defining Yugoslav's new road to Socialism. The party, he claimed then, must become the educator of the masses in a new form of Socialist democracy which, based on Marx, would eschew both Stalinist state capitalism on the one hand and, on the other, bourgeois-democratic ideas which, for Yugoslavia, he argued, could only be 'a disguise for a retreat back to the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie and of the monarchy'. What has happened to produce in him since a revulsion so frenzied and so complete? Already, in 1952, there were signs that his subconscious mind was carrying him far ahead of his colleagues and his subsequent writings in *Borba* made this increasingly clear. Now Djilas has come right out on the other side – thus justifying, at any rate, their warnings as to where his arguments were leading him. Yet this powerful indictment must be answered on its merits. The issue between Djilas and his old friends is whether they were trying (or pretending) to reform the unreformable. Must they, as Djilas has now done, throw the baby out with the bath-water – and start again, no one quite knows from where?

The Sixth Congress recognised two twin evils in Soviet Communism and made fundamental changes to eradicate them. In the economic field, Boris Kidric, then the party's leading economic thinker, denounced Stalin's 'monstrous theory' that Socialism reaches its highest peak when everything above the worker's bare subsistence needs is appropriated by the state. This distortion, he argued, must be corrected by giving the worker control over his own product through elected workers' councils and local assemblies. The role of the state must be limited to drawing up a broad economic plan, within which the 'free play of economic laws' would replace administrative decrees. The worker's right to full economic self-government, therefore, was embodied in a new Fundamental Law. Politically Congress declared that the party must change from a conspiratorial clique, on the Stalinist model, selectively recruited by the 'candidate system' and rigidly controlled from the top, into an 'open' party, leading rather than governing the working masses. The 'toilers' were to be encouraged to attend its meetings and even to nominate new members. Discussion was to be open and free – not only in the League branches but in the League press. Democracy was to start at home.

How far has practice followed precept? To the outsider Djilas' grim picture of Yugoslavia is unrecognisable. To begin with, the pace of industrialisation has been relaxed in favour of steadily rising consumer standards. The contrast today with 1952 is already marked. People are plainly happier and their life is more comfortable. Certainly the leadership enjoys some perks of office – from official cars to lavish official dinners, but so, if we are honest, do the leaders of Western democracy, from Cabinet Ministers to local councillors. Indeed, the visitor is struck by the extent to which Yugoslavia's standards and tastes increasingly approximate to our western ones. Foreign books are translated more freely; there is no external press censorship; in Belgrade all kinds of foreign newspapers and journals are on sale. Although Dedijer has been victimised financially and ostracised mercilessly, he is still allowed to travel abroad. These are not the appurtenances of the traditional police state.

All this is, of course, superficial. But there are more fundamental ways in which Djilas's picture is wide of the mark. By claiming that the 'new class' can never allow any forms of property to elude his grasp, he simply ignores the extent to which Yugoslavia has already developed a mixed economy. Over 60 per cent. of her working population are peasants and over 90 per cent. of her land privately owned. Faced with the peasants' revolt against forced sales and collectivisation, in the simple form of refusal to produce, Tito had to choose harsher repression or resign himself to individual ownership and a market economy. He chose the latter. Even when the peasants used their freedom to walk out of the 'work co-operatives' in their millions, Tito did not retract. His only concession to 'Socialist relationships in agriculture' was to limit the size of private holdings to 10 hectares per peasant and then try to offset the loss of production by encouraging voluntary general purpose co-operatives. But even these are encountering severe peasant resistance and are on the decline. Yugoslavia is still paying the price of the mistakes of the Stalinist era, but in inefficiency rather than tyranny.

In industry the same process has been at work. An elaborate network of workers' councils has been set up covering every type of enterprise, together with innumerable representative bodies such as voters' assemblies, communes, councils of producers and chambers of commerce, where a genuine and interesting attempt has been made to reconcile the worker's two roles of producer and consumer and to give him a say in his economic life. But in order to inject some central planning into this welter of 'localism,' the freedom of action of these bodies has been severely restricted by federal 'laws.' Federal regulations have laid down in detail what items workers' councils must set aside as costs of production, including the wages bill based on rates of wages broadly fixed by central decree, social insurance payments and a hefty turnover tax to the federal government. Of the remaining profit, no less than 50 per cent. has again been syphoned off to federal funds; another cut has gone to the local authorities. The amount left to the 'free disposal' of the workers after all this has been negligible and it is not surprising that in some areas they have been lethargic.

Politically, too, workers' self-government has been in leading strings. After the first shock of 1952, which demoralised the party cadres by putting the party under the law and curbing its power of giving arbitrary instructions, they have found their second wind and learned to exploit their new role equally successfully. I never met any local or national leader in Yugoslavia who was not a Communist. This, the Yugoslavs would argue, is merely proof that the League members are 'participating' in the life of the toiling masses – a virtue, not a conspiracy. The Communist boss of the Sarajevo district assured me proudly that 9 per cent of the membership of the workers' councils was now Communist. But the party's control goes further than that. When I visited a workers' council at Mostar, I found that the reception committee included not only the Communist secretary of the factory 'cell' but also the secretary of the Mostar party branch, who had nothing to do with the factory at all. The vice-chairman, who presided, told me he was a Communist and he clearly considered it his function to do all the talking – while the rest of the council listened dutifully. I was not, therefore surprised to learn that the resolution put forward by the factory to the congress of workers' councils recently held in Belgrade had been adopted unanimously by the congress; nor that, as the local Communist leader assured me, it was certain to be passed by the National Assembly. I had already watched the delegates to the congress in action and, although there had been some excellent contributions, there had been no real debate and certainly no organised conflict of view.

Yet here again, faced with the stagnation of its own policy, the party is at least seeking a way forward and not back. The congress may have been stage-managed but this only makes its decisions more significant. The workers' councils, including my council at Mostar, were demanding three things: first, a longer period of office for their members (at present restricted to one year) so that they can learn to do their job more effectively; a cut in the federal government's share of the profits, greater freedom to run their own show. Tito himself took up this refrain in his speech to the Congress, stressing the fact that 'we cannot always appeal to the consciousness of the workers to produce more without letting them feel the results of their increased earnings and a higher living standard.' The reason for the new line is not far to seek. Tito has deliberately chosen to govern through incentives, rather than by the big stick, and up to now they have been inadequate. He has taken an economic gamble by putting more consumer goods in the shops; if it is to come off he must now put more money into the workers' pockets to buy the goods. But they must earn it first. Tito knows full well that Yugoslavia only has survived disaster these past years by large dollops of economic aid; it is desperately urgent to increase productivity. Already, therefore, trial runs are being made with new techniques in certain industries, based on two principles. Wage rates will no longer be fixed by federal regulation and the federal government's claim on the proceeds of an enterprise will be limited to certain basic taxes such as a turnover tax. The aim is to leave the whole profit to the free disposal of the workers' councils which will pay such wages and in such forms as it thinks fit. Local revenues will then be raised by a progressive income tax.

The new proposals reflect the new economic thinking of Yugoslavia's backroom brains-trust. At a private conference at Cortanovic two years ago under the leadership of Milente Popovic, the economic Minister, they enunciated certain principles which are now gradually permeating official policy: the abolition of all subsidies and a return to economic prices wherever possible; an end to physical controls and the substitution instead of a strong central investment policy enforced by the manipulation of interest rates. The ideology behind all this has nothing to do with anti-Stalinism or, noticeably, with Marxism at all; it is an empirical reaction to the slackness and inefficiency in the Yugoslav economy, a desire to bring the worker and peasant up against the facts of life by techniques popular in the capitalist world. And they claim that already the new system has led to marked rises in productivity.

So far, therefore, Djilas's picture of Yugoslavia has been falsified. The main question is: can Yugoslavia's experiment succeed economically and at what cost? To the western Socialist Yugoslavia has been standing her policy on its head. Determined to keep political control in the party's hands, while genuinely seeking to avoid 'bureaucracy', she has over-centralised politically while over-decentralising economically and has had no way of dealing with the resulting chaos save by an increasingly desperate resort to monetary policy and the 'free play of economic laws'. But this is to divest planning of all morality. Political democracy grew up in Britain as a process of controlling economic laws and using them for good social ends. Without workers' participation in this process, workers' self-government can have no real vitality. It was inevitable that Yugoslavia, evolving slowly out of the toils of Stalinism, should have approached her problem in this way. All the signs are that she has been willing to learn by experience and that, despite failures, her evolution has not turned back on itself. It is for this reason that Djilas's wild denunciation of Yugoslav Communism is so unfortunate. An accumulation of personal bitterness against his former colleagues has blinded him to the fact that they are groping their way along a road which has already led them to a mixed economy infinitely more humane than anything the Soviet bloc has produced. It is to be hoped they will not be diverted by a hue and cry after this new 'treachery'. The real test now is whether they can prove Djilas wrong, not right.

BARBARA CASTLE

Going on Holiday?

Do not rely on picking up a NEW STATESMAN wherever you go. If you are holiday-making off the beaten track we will post your copy to you each Thursday night; simply send us your address and 11d. per copy. If you are staying at home, place a definite order with your newsagent.

New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1

West German Diary

On our holiday this year, we decided to buy time. 'By air it only takes two hours instead of twenty-six to get to Bonn.' Maybe. But if you can spend the cost of the air ticket on first-class travel, you get a sensé of leisured luxury denied to the human freight carried by the airlines. It's a delicious sensation to spend those twenty-six hours ambling in a Pullman to Harwich, sleeping on the cross-Channel steamer in a large, well-ventilated, comfortable cabin and then, at the Hook, boarding the Rheingold Express with the traveller's appetite for an early breakfast. It's a limousine of a train, dark blue outside, glass and chromium within. Smokeless and spotless, it glides without a jolt, at some 60 miles an hour, across the Dutch meadows towards Cologne – and Munich. What lucky fellows those Germans were to have their pre-war railway track blown up by the RAF and their rolling stock stolen by the Russians! As with so much else in the Federal Republic, defeat meant that they could cancel everything and start afresh, with brand new factories, brand new houses, brand new trains, and – last but not least – a brand new generation of well-groomed, middle-aged business executives, too young to remember much about the Weimar Republic and shrewd enough to efface from their memories what they did and thought during the Third Reich.

* * *

Travelling by train means that your first sight of Bonn is the railway station – and that tells you almost everything. There is a story that, in order to achieve some reciprocity with our British Wilton Park, the West German Foreign Office invited six British MPs to visit Bonn. Travelling by train, they were duly warned at Cologne that President Heuss would be waiting for them at Bonn railway station and they must therefore be all ready for a little ceremony as they stepped out of the train. They got their bags ready and, just after the train had left Cologne, it stopped for a moment at a suburban halt. Impatiently they waited until it had gathered speed, leaving the President standing on the platform of Bonn! Resourceful, humorous and with no false sense of dignity, Dr Heuss got into his official car, chased the Rheingold Express up the Rhine and just caught it at the much grander station of Bad Godesberg.

* * *

Whether this story is fact or fiction, it is, to use a favourite German adverb, fundamentally true. As dim as it is trim, the railway station of Bonn epitomises the petit-bourgeois, provincial character of the dreadful little town which Dr Konrad Adenauer, after months of intrigue, pressure and in-fighting, forced the Bundestag to accept as the substitute capital of the Federal Republic. The only thing that can be said for Bonn is that its airless and oppressive climate gives the American diplomat, fresh from Washington, the kind of headaches and stomach-aches which make him feel thoroughly at home. At the time when it was chosen, the Chancellor cleverly suggested that the utter impossibility of turning Bonn into a permanent capital would force the West German politicians to work even more feverishly for reunification. Clever Dr Adenauer! Not for the last time, the Social Democrats, who wanted Frankfurt, with its 1848 associations, were trapped into defeat. Bonn is now very much a permanency. It has imparted to the politicians who live there a narrow, mean spirit, which makes Adenauer's Germany as safe an ally of the West as Ulbricht's Germany is of the Soviet Union. A French diplomatist summed it up to me over the excellent meal you still get in the French Club. 'As long as West Germany is ruled from Bonn and East Germany from Pankow,' he observed, 'we can all sleep safely in our beds.'

* * *

My taximan finally discovered the Ministry of Atomic Affairs in what I remembered as the most luxurious guest-house for American VIPs under the occupation. I had asked for an interview out of sheer curiosity, and was rather surprised to find myself received by the Director-General and his four heads of departments. It was an amiable disconcerting experience. 'Our whole staff, including typists, consists of 130,' said the DG, 'and we are determined to remain tiny, because our main function is to prevent any dangerous concentration of economic or political power in the field of nuclear energy. You and the Americans established your vast nationalised Atomic Energy Commissions because your main concern was weapon manufacture. But, thank heavens, we are forbidden to make weapons and we believe that even an Atomic Energy Commission with a monopoly of production for peaceful purposes might be a danger in a country like ours.' At great length the DG and his colleagues explained to me how it had been decided that there should be no state production of nuclear energy: this should be left to private enterprise, under the control of the Federal and Land authorities. 'Even you, as a Socialist, must realise,' one of them concluded, 'that, after the experience of Hitler, we Germans ought to be afraid of nationalisation in this field, although it would be economically far more convenient.' It all sounded a bit too liberal to be true, but it wasn't. Here was a bunch of German officials and experts, quietly trying to make sure that no Führer in the future should be able to abuse this vast new source of energy. As I shook hands with him, the DG said to me, 'By the way, you may have noticed we are the only Ministry of Atomic Affairs in the whole world with no security regulations and no screening for our staff. That is because our job is not to produce secret weapons but to disseminate knowledge of atomic energy. If you and the Americans get your way, all that won't last very long. *Auf wiedersehen.*'

* * *

Wiess is surely the most exquisite of all baroque churches – and Lindenhof the craziest of all poor King Ludwig II's crazy castles. You come on the pilgrim church of Wiess quite suddenly – alone in a pasture with, alongside it, the little peasant house where its architect, Zimmermann, lived and died. No church could be less peasant-like or, indeed, less German, if you identify Germanism with the colossal and the romantic. Wiess is a miracle of contrived grace, with the most elegant *coups d'oeils* I have ever seen and all the colours deepening gently from the organ loft at the west end to the miraculous figure of the Manacled Christ over the altar. In most baroque churches the gilding, the cupids and the soaring madonnas are ornate and overwhelming. Here they charm by their airiness. The guide-book says that Wiess was built to give a vision of paradise to the earthy peasant pilgrims who throng it, and I can well believe that was the architect's intent. While I was looking at the choir, 600 stolid peasant women were sitting, row on row, in the nave. I assumed that they were listening to a talk about the church, until I caught what their clergyman was saying. '. . . and there on the Russian steppes, martyrs in the battle against Bolshevism, your sons died for the Christian West. That is what we remember when we come to Wiess.' With a bump I arrived back out of Zimmermann's baroque paradise into the Federal Republic of 1957.

After lunch at Oberammergau we turned south into the kind of wildly romantic mountain ravine that makes even a middle-aged politician remember Kubla Khan. But Ludwig II had thought of this first. For here was the Xanadu where he had decreed his 'stately pleasure dome' and even, as I was later to discover, included the 'caves of ice'. It was Thursday when I was there, but the gardens of Lindenhof – the most remote and ludicrous of the six palaces Ludwig II constructed for himself and Richard Wagner – were crowded with visitors, at two marks a time. 'Three-and-six a head is a bit steep,' was what I felt until I entered the palace, which must be the smallest in the world, since it was built for one madman to live in alone. I particularly liked the dining room, where, at the press of a button, the table disappears to the kitchen below – an arrangement designed to enable Ludwig to dine in absolute loneliness – without a single servant present. But the masterpiece is the artificial grotto, constructed for Wagner under the huge beech-trees behind the castle. At one end there is a setting for Lohengrin, with a splendid stone swan, and at the other Tannhäuser's cave. In between there are long passages, full of carefully constructed stalactites and stalagmites.

* * *

As we drove away from Lindenhof, the young German Socialist with me severely remarked, 'What waste! It should be used for war cripples.' I felt properly rebuked, until that evening I met the Bavarian Minister of Education and asked him how much it cost to keep up Ludwig's castles. 'Cost!' he replied. 'We make two million marks a year net profit out of them, and we are able to use it for reconstructing the Alte Pinakotek and the churches of Munich.' So Ludwig II, who in his lifetime wasted the Bavarian taxpayers' money on riotous building, has turned out after his death to be a democratic benefactor. At least his madness was harmless, I reflected next day, as I looked up from my book and noticed that the train was just passing through rural, tranquil Dachau, where a later admirer of Richard Wagner satisfied his ego in a rather more unpleasant way.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, stressed the importance of preparedness and adequate planning to deal with the effects of war. It was essential that in the event of a hydrogen-bomb attack the life of the country should be resumed as quickly and as smoothly as possible, he said.—*The Commercial Motor.* (Elizabeth Fitzgerald.)

My wife has a craze for peeling the potatoes in bed. I feel this is unnecessary and unhygienic, both for bed and spuds, but how can I stop her?—Letter in *Reveille.* (H. Murray.)

Police patrolling Station Road, Oban, at one o'clock in the morning caught two men tying a 4½ ft. long basking shark to a lamp-post with a grappling hook and a rope. Police ordered the men to untie the fish and take it to the police station.—*Glasgow Bulletin.* (D. S. Miller.)

'They can't get the staff now. Why, the duchess hasn't a maid these days. She puts on her own stockings and everything.'—*News Chronicle.* (Gwendoline Skett.)

The Walrus and the Carpenter

EVEN now few people appear to understand and appreciate the political symbolism in Chapter Four of *Through The Looking Glass*. At the end of the previous chapter, you will remember, Alice walked a long way towards a wood, and every time the road divided she found two finger-posts pointing the same way, one marked *To Tweedledum's House*, and the other *To The House of Tweedledee*. She then discovered that they lived in the *same* house, in spite of all this independent and expensive finger-posting.

Once in the wood, Alice is in political life. There are Tweedledum and Tweedledee, both parties, waiting for her. One says 'Nohow' and the other 'Contrariwise', and these two exclamations truthfully and most economically represent millions of words spoken in legislative assemblies and thousands of solemn editorials. She asks them what we have all asked them – how to get out of the darkening wood. To this they can make no sensible reply. When she points her finger at them, they merely repeat 'Nohow!' and 'Contrariwise!'. There is then, as there always is in political life, a great deal of handshaking. This leads at once to a game of *Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush*.

Later in the chapter, after the poetry recital to which we shall return, Dum and Dee tell Alice that she is not real, and when she protests and begins to cry, they point out that even her tears are not real. She is merely a figure in the dream of the Red King, an ancient and decaying symbol of power. Then follows the inevitable quarrel about the rattle, which they insist upon regarding as a nice new rattle, though to Alice it seems a miserable old thing. They must have a battle and she must help them to dress up for it. Notice what they use – a good touch this – such things as 'bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers and coal-scuttles'. Their attitude towards the fight is equally significant: one complains of a headache, the other of toothache; but they will not agree with her suggestion to abandon the battle. 'Let's fight till six, and then have dinner,' says Tweedledum. But now a terrible darkness decends upon the wood. It is the monstrous crow of reality, of destiny, of what-will-happen-whether-we-will-it-or-not, and with shrill cries of alarm Tweedledee and Tweedledum vanish, leaving Alice to shelter under a tree, one of those very trees the brothers boast of destroying during their blind battles, the trees of ordinary human existence, of common hope and faith and love.

But the centre-piece of the chapter is a poem, *The Walrus And The Carpenter*. On this poetical level we encounter the archetypes. We are brought face to face with the eternal figures of political leadership. We meet them on the seashore, that is, between the firm land of consciousness and the mysterious ocean of the unconscious. It is a lunatic world. The sun is shining although it is the middle of the night. Not a bird, to suggest a free spontaneous life of movement and delight, can be seen against the cloudless sky. The whole setting is sur-realist, almost abstract.

Although the Walrus and the Carpenter are walking along the shore, where they might reasonably expect to find quantities of sand, the sight of it makes them weep. They are political leaders, and whatever is brought about by necessity, whatever seems to sensible persons to be inevitable, only dismays and saddens them. Something must be done. After all, they are leaders, the representative men of their age, with great forces at their command, and it ought to be possible to clear the shore of sand. At this moment, there can be no doubt that the Walrus is in power but with only a small majority and not anxious to go to the country. He must, therefore, in the national interest at this time of emergency, consult the Carpenter. He has a plan – a fairly short-term project with seven maids and seven mops – but puts it forward only tentatively. Does the Carpenter, a more technical type and commanding more support among the trades unions, suppose that they could get it clear? The reply, though expressed in terms of doubt, is really in the negative. But he is as deeply concerned about the country's urgent needs as his Right Honourable Friend, perhaps even more deeply concerned, for he sheds a *bitter* tear.

(In the edition of *Through The Looking Glass* on my desk here, it is at this point that we see the first of the Tenniel drawings of the Walrus and the Carpenter. And it is a fact that the Walrus looks like Mr Harold Macmillan and the Carpenter might be Mr Frank Cousins; but this of course is mere coincidence. These two archetypes of leadership belong to all the nations.)

Nothing more is said about clearing the shore of sand. Planning and drastic reform are out. Both figures come at once to what must have been to them an old and well-tried device – the *Oyster Walk*. Here there is no suggestion of division and rivalry. They act together, like Krushchev and Bulganin. They have one aim, one target. But they give themselves different roles in the tragi-comedy. Walrus is the sympathetic friend of Mr and Mrs Everyman, and is superb on radio and television. He never bullies, he persuades. He has a fine light touch, not without poetry: 'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk, Along the briny beach.'

As he marches the little oysters to their doom, Walrus never steps out of character. When they come to a halt, he declares himself willing to lead a discussion on various scientific and cultural matters – shoes and ships and sealing wax and the rest – all in a kind of Unesco style. True, he soon demands a loaf of bread, pepper and vinegar (and butter is mentioned later), and, though the poem does not tell us so, I have no doubt myself that somehow the oysters had to provide these things, probably about the time they were 'turning a little blue', having a dreadful vision of their fate. And there is a horribly smooth Oriental irony in his reply to their stammered protests: 'The night is fine, do you admire the view? It was so kind of you to come! And you are very nice!' We can almost hear some Chinese party leader, having welcomed so many different blossoms in the garden, order a thousand assorted intellectuals to be thrown into prison and brain-washed. But Walrus returns to his kindly elder-brother act a little later, and, not for the benefit of the oysters, now fast disappearing, but just in case anybody might be passing, he says what a shame it is –

> To play them such a trick,
> After we've brought them out so far,
> And made them trot so quick . . .

like many a revolutionary leader, long after the revolution. And now – his final appearance – he is the deeply moved, sympathetic friend:

> 'I weep for you', the Walrus said:
> 'I deeply sympathise.'
> With sobs and tears he sorted out
> Those of the largest size,
> Holding his pocket-handkerchief
> Before his streaming eyes . . .

Which I take to be the most sardonic verse in all English literature.

Some people see through Walrus: too many smiles, too many tears, too much humbug. So they line up behind Carpenter. He is a Strong Man. He is also a plain blunt honest fellow. He is a Man of the People. So he still wears his paper hat, the badge of his trade, though he downed tools years ago. There is no nonsense about Good Old Carpenter. Walrus, with his flowery talk, could easily be a bit tricky, but a chap knows where he is with Old Carpenter. (If he doesn't, he soon will – after the bread and condiments have arrived). He is the Man You Trust. Alas – alas! In spite of his laconic speech ('No hurry!'), his refusal to be eloquently persuasive, he is just as hypocritical as Walrus, perhaps even more unpleasant, for his whole rough-diamond *persona* is a horrible lie. And Walrus does at least give an entertaining performance, does keep up his twinkling pretence, throws out a compliment or two; whereas Carpenter, once his initial bluff has worked, merely gobbles his victims without addressing another word to them. His final speech, though it begins 'O Oysters', does not disprove this fact. When he says 'O Oysters, you've had a pleasant run! Shall we be trotting home again?' he knows very well they have all been eaten, and he speaks in irony and out of bitter contempt. When a Communist Party leader tells his editors they ought to show more independence and criticize him oftener, he is speaking in this same grim Carpenter style. It is a form of cruelty.

Next time we feel like standing up to cheer, ready to give our votes, our money, perhaps our lives, we might do well to ask ourselves if we are following the Walrus or the Carpenter. It might of course be both, as it was with the young little oysters who hurried up –

> All eager for the treat:
> Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
> Their shoes were clean and neat –

a verse so pitiful that a woman I know tells me it made her cry when she was a child. I find myself in the verse before that, the one that follows the beguiling speech of the Walrus:

> The eldest Oyster looked at him,
> But never a word he said:
> The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
> And shook his heavy head.

That's my boy! – as Eisenhower once said of Nixon, and the Walrus said of the Carpenter, and the Carpenter of the Walrus.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Fleet Street Notebook

For a long time it has been one of the unwritten but unassailable laws of Fleet Street that the Queen is not only devoted, hardworking and young, but also a royal paragon of wit, wisdom and grace. When, therefore, Lord Altrincham permitted himself to declare that the Queen's style of speaking is 'a pain in the neck', that 'like her mother she seems unable to string even a few sentences together without a written text' and that the speeches put into her mouth present the personality 'of a priggish schoolgirl, captain of the hockey team, a prefect and a recent candidate for confirmation', he set the cat among the editors with a vengeance.

Only the *Daily Express* grasped the nettle with both hands the first day. More or less clearing the front page in order to do full justice to so grave a matter it roared: 'Peer Attacks the Queen'. A nearly verbatim report of Lord Altrincham's article, together with a picture and biography of the author and a photograph of the Queen herself was followed by a leading article (title 'A Cruel Attack') which described Lord Altrincham as vulgar, personal, sneering, muddle-headed and destructive. The Editor of the *Daily Express*, it will be seen, was in no doubt as to what such a crisis called for. Neither for that matter was the Editor of *The Times*, who saw that no reference to Lord Altrincham's near blasphemy was allowed to sully his pages. Nor for that matter did it those of the *Daily Worker*—although perhaps for other reasons. The others chose the middle course. The *News Chronicle* ('Tory Peer Challenges The Royal Family') gave Lord Altrincham a deliberately sedate single column, the *Herald* ('Astonishing Article About The Queen') a smallish front page piece, and the *Mail* ('Peer's Strange Attack On The Queen') a single column heading in column 8. Nor, somewhat surprising, did either the *Mirror* or the *Sketch* play it as one might have expected. They both put it on the back page—with Marilyn Monroe over the whole of the front for *Mirror* readers, and the receiving order against Mr George Dawson for those who take the *Sketch*.

By Sunday, however, Lord Altrincham had begun to make his way into the leader writers' rooms—as well as providing one paper, the *People*, with most of its front page and several others with excited pieces as fellow peers threatened to shoot him. First comments were mixed. *Reynolds* congratulated him on 'saying out loud what many people are thinking'. But the *Observer*, which found him 'very rude', hoped his remarks would be treated as 'schoolboyish gaucherie'. And the *Empire News*, after declaring that 'For sneers at the Queen whither they come from peer or peasant, there can be no excuse' urged the erring peer to realise that 'the people of this country will not tolerate a vulgar attack on a monarch who, called to the throne in tragic and unexpected circumstances is making a resounding success of the job' and called upon him to make a public apology at once. Like its daily rival for the custom of the people at the top, the *Sunday Times* kept silent on Lord Altrincham's shocking breach of taste.

By Monday several other Editors had apparently decided that the *Daily Express's* nose for news was worth following—although by this time the *Express* itself had decided to hand the whole affair over to its gossip writer. The *News Chronicle*, which had found a single-column heading adequate on the first day, decided that an eight-column one all across the front page was needed on the third—'Queen: Europe Is Stirred'. It also published with some pride a photograph of a notice outside Lord Altrincham's front door: 'Flat 14. No milk until Tuesday'. Its leading article very sensibly pointed out that the fact that some of Lord Altrincham's criticisms were in bad taste 'does not invalidate either his right to criticise or the force of some of his observations'. The *Herald* had a leading article, too—on the front page. The main point of a somewhat muffled piece of writing seemed to be that as Lord Altrincham had not been denounced for his criticisms at the Palace as fiercely as Sir Stafford Cripps was some years ago, it was now plain that 'our constitutional monarchy can earn respect but cannot command adulation'. The *Mirror* called in Cassandra. He thought poorly of the Altrincham manners but approved much of his criticism. The *Daily Mail* sent for Henry Fairlie, its new columnist who in an earlier journalistic incarnation carved out a reputation for himself as an iconoclast by attacking The Establishment. Speaking from Northcliffe House, however, he found his lordly contemporary guilty of *hubris* for—I assure you I quote his exact words—'daring to put his infinitely tiny and temporary mind against the accumulated experience of the centuries'. The *Mail* and Mr Fairlie were obviously very moved indeed. But, after Lord Altrincham's television appearance, good old news value began to triumph over sententiousness. Lord Altrincham was slapped on to the front pages of the popular dailies—and on to the news page of *The Times*.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

A Moment of Time

Early in August 1917 a young second lieutenant stood amongst his platoon of 30 men in an evil-smelling trench on the Ypres front. It was shortly after midnight and there was no moon. The men were mostly Londoners and their subdued voices—grumbling and cursing—spoke of Wapping and the Isle of Dogs. The officer was a tall, rather overgrown youth of 19. His men called him 'Daddy', partly because they despised being ordered about by a boy and partly because they liked him. For the last four months they had been together as a unit and resentment had softened in the sharing of tasks in which they found he took his full share with an almost eager desire to prove he was as good as they. His brother officers could not understand him. They had all been to public schools and several to Oxford or Cambridge as well. He had been forced by ill-health to leave his secondary school at 17. They boasted of the county they came from and he seemed to have nothing to boast about. During the four months that he had been attached to this Regiment he had found himself far more in sympathy with his men than with his fellow officers. This made him unpopular in the Mess and a doubtful character with the NCO's. His platoon sergeant took pity on him from the first and mothered him. The sergeant was named Smith and was a master plumber of 35 from Stepney. This was the morning of the long expected attack on Pilkem Ridge for which they had prepared together over broad white tapes in the country lanes. It was the first time the officer had been in a full-scale attack. All his men were veterans of at least two years standing. He knew they were watching him and behind their grumbles was a rough and ready sympathy: they cursed the war that sent such babies into the trenches and they cursed the staff that gave them babies as leaders.

Zero hour was fixed for 4.0 a.m. and by that time No. 1 Platoon of "A" Company had to be in position 300 yards from the course of the River Steenbec along whose further bank ran the line of the enemy's forward flung defence. Moving to the head of his file of men and giving the order to pass back "No more smoking and no talking", the officer led the way into the dark and narrow mouth of the communication trench along which other companies had already disappeared. Except for an occasional rattle of machine guns in the distance the night was quite still.

Half an hour of stumbling brought the platoon to where the trench ended. As the 30 men followed each other like shadows into the open field, the officer counted them. Sergeant Smith was the last out. Whispering to the sergeant to see that the men kept close together, the lieutenant walked to where he knew from close study of his map during a yesterday that now seemed part of another world, he would find a white tape pegged down closely to the earth. As if led by unseen eyes, he found the dirty-white marking line along which he had now to extend his men. Soon all the platoon was in position lying on their stomachs facing an unseen river bank over which they had orders to force their way and to continue 600 yards beyond, there to dig in.

Left to himself and his own thoughts and emotions, the officer saw from his illuminated watch that there was 45 minutes to wait before he would have to walk out into a completely unknown future. A sudden feeling of suffocating nausea swept over him, taking away all control from his legs and filling his entire body with resounding emptiness, drum-like in its hollowness. He lay without power for what seemed to be an eternity. As the nausea passed he had a longing to get up and run—anywhere, but back to the safety and comfort of ordinary people, to a land where there was someone who cared; but he lay unable to move, bound by the fear of being afraid.

With a crackling roar and the sound of many express trains passing just overhead, the supporting barrage poured down on to the line of the distant river bank. In that stream of metal passing so close about their heads could be distinguished the sobbing moan of 9in. naval shells fired miles behind them.

As suddenly as it began the barrage stopped. While gunners lifted their ranges to fire beyond the line of attack, the extended men had to advance. With a completely automatic movement of his body, and without conscious effort, the lieutenant rose to his feet and advanced towards the target. All his men rose with him. The daylight was beginning to leaven the night and he could dimly see the ground sloping away in front of him. He glanced round and saw his platoon as a ragged line of tired men stooping as they tried to keep in a line and follow the course of their training. He heard a hoarse voice call out 'Good old Daddy' and the barrage burst again.

What happened next was indescribable: coloured light rose in cascades from somewhere in front of the line of advancing men; brilliant white lights as well which turned the dawn into full daylight; a sickening buzz of maddened bees in his ears: the sense of being in a thunderstorm of hail, and seeing men falling in tortured heaps as the bees stung like machine gun bullets.

Within three minutes all his men were dead or dying except Sergeant Smith, Moriarty (the stretcher bearer) and himself. He fell into a shell hole and knew that the attack had failed.

JOHN BARCLAY

The Arts and Entertainment

Baedeker's Summer Exhibitions

2. CORK STREET. SOHO. LEICESTER SQUARE

At several points on this route the traveller may be the recipient of the salutations, invitations, exhortations and provocations of street-walkers. He is advised, if at all distracted from the purpose of this walk by promises of 'a good time', to remember the proverb, '*ars longa, tempus breve*'.

Starting from the Marlborough, whose summer exhibition we have described elsewhere (N. S. & N. 6 July 1957), we proceed N. up Old Bond Street and turn right into BURLINGTON GARDENS and left into CORK STREET. A few yards along on our left is the—

Piccadilly Gallery, which is exhibiting an assortment of paintings by young artists. The selection is not committed to any doctrine but reveals an inclination to a simplified and mildly stylised naturalism with a quietly romantic flavour.

Almost opposite is **Roland, Browse & Delbanco,** where a selection of Twentieth Century Paintings reflects this gallery's habitual preference for figurative painting in which the paint is handled with a marked sensuousness and in which a mood or passion is vividly expressed (and, we may add, in which the colour-harmonies are warm rather than cool). 2. *Philip Sutton*, Abbey Farm; 4. *Josef Herman*, Peasants Resting; *16. *Roderic O'Connor*, Provençal Landscape; *18, 33. *Matthew Smith*, Nude; 19. *Henri Hayden*, a still life; 25. *Max Ernst*; 28. *Anthony Whishaw*, Red Studio with Dogs.

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JOHN WARRACK in "*The Daily Telegraph*"

* * *

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Immediately adjacent is the ***Redfern Gallery,** which, in accordance with tradition, houses the largest of all the summer exhibitions. Entering the gallery we find ourselves in—

I. CORRIDOR: Lithographs and drawings, the former including: *619. *Picasso*, Tête de jeune femme; *696. *Sutherland*, Thorn cross.

Passing through the doorway half-way down the corridor we enter—

II. ROOM: Some sculpture, and contemporary paintings, most of them abstract. 24, 25. *Rodrigo Moynihan*; 70. *Patrick Heron*; 345. *Richard Smith*; *363. *Sutherland*. The centre-piece, however, is a large printed silk panel; *1. *Henry Moore*, Standing Figures. The sculptures include one of the supreme masterpieces of modern art, **Degas*, the larger of the two studies for the portrait of Mme S.

III. ROOM: Small paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

IV. ROOM: Contemporary Painting and Sculpture. *23. *Moynihan*, the finest of the many abstract paintings in the exhibition; 123. *Matthew Smith*, a still life; 384. *Philip Sutton*, landscape; 400. *Prunella Clough*, Rubble on building site. Sculptures include: 709. *Anthony Caro*, Head.

Descending the staircase, we reach—

V. ROOM: 356. *Anne Dunn*, Wasps over Port; *Michael Wishart*, Summer Landscape.

It is the practice at this gallery to modify the arrangement of the exhibits from time to time in the course of its Summer Exhibition. Consequently, works cited above may not be hung as indicated when the visitor makes his tour. It is, however, stated that 'any picture will be produced on request'.

Leaving the Redfern, we cross the road and proceed N. for a few yards until we reach the—

***St. George's Gallery,** where we pass through a book-shop to reach the GALLERY OF PRINTS, where an exhibition of British Graphic Art 1957 is on view. This Gallery, the only one of its kind in England, is remarkable for the pioneering spirit with which it is conducted, and for the originality and style with which it presents the work on exhibition. *14. *Anthony Gross*, The Forge; 23. *Helena Markson*, Limehouse; 24. *Ceri Richards*, Swan and Flowers; *31. *Gerald Wilde*, Composition.

We now proceed to the end of Cork Street, turn right, and for about 12 min. follow a winding route (see map) into the picturesque quarter of SOHO, bearing N.E. until we reach D'ARBLAY STREET, where we find the—

***Gallery One,** which, of all London galleries might be said to resemble most closely the little galleries in and around the Rue de Seine, not least because of the character of its environs. All the exhibits here are by young artists. The selection has an agreeable homogeneity; it favours bold, schematic, clumsy forms, sombre, sinister colours, and thick, richly-textured paint. 2, 27. *Douglas Swan*; 4, 7. *Martin Bradley*; 8. *Gwyther Irwin*; 13. *Elisabeth Frink*, a sculpture; 17. *F. N. Souza*; 21. *Alexander Weatherson*.

At the eastern end of D'Arblay Street we turn right into WARDOUR STREET, which we follow for about 8 min. until we turn left into LISLE STREET, where on our left, a few yards along, is the—

A.I.A. Gallery, headquarters of the Artists' International Association, which, in addition to selling paintings, lends them like a library for a modest subscription. Notable works include: 7, 8. *Jean Batty*; 9. *Adrian Heath*; 39. *John Coplans*; 43. *Douglas Swan*; 45. *Prunella Clough*.

Almost opposite the gallery is LEICESTER STREET. We proceed down this short street, and continue along the E. side of LEICESTER SQUARE, which brings us opposite the—

Leicester Galleries, where the summer exhibition traditionally goes by the name of 'Artists of Fame and of Promise'. Drawings include: 2. *Sickert*; *7. *Conder*. Paintings include: 60. *Frances Richards*; 107. *Robert Buhler*; 108. *Anne Rees-Mogg*; 116. *Calliyannis*; 131. *Henry Inlander*; 135. *Anthony Gross*. Sculptures include: *153. *Dobson*.

120. A portrait by *John Minton* is stated to be a self-portrait but is clearly not.

The present collection is on view until 10 August inclusive. The second instalment of the exhibition can be seen from 23 August.

3. BAKER STREET. ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

Of the several galleries round BAKER STREET, only one is exhibiting a summer miscellany – the **Obelisk Gallery** in CRAWFORD STREET. The collection includes bronzes by *Epstein*, *Moore*, *Richier*, and **Coulentianos*. On the walls are paintings by *John Latham*, some amusing drawings by *Matta*, and a number of charming lacquer paintings by *Silvestri*, offered at a remarkably moderate price.

Returning to Baker Street, we catch a 2, 13 or 113 bus travelling in a northerly direction. We descend at WELLINGTON ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, by *Lord's Cricket Ground*, and proceed for about 2 min. along Wellington Road until we reach—

Lord's Gallery, a new establishment, which can claim to have the best lighting of any London dealer's gallery. 2B. *Eileen Agar*, a collage; 6. *Brandt*; 12. *Dernbach*; 18B, 18C. *Adrian Heath*; 25. *Michaux*; 28A, 28B. *Pasmore*; 37. *Tinguely*. The gallery is open every day until 7 p.m.

DAVID SYLVESTER

The Proms

FOR decades the Proms occupied a unique place in our musical life. They were the plain man's musical primer; they were the schoolboy's introduction to Beethoven; they were Everyman's Library and the World's Classics rolled into one and buoyantly presented to the public, night after night, by a beloved Londoner who was a sound musician, a glutton for work and a showman of genius. Anyone who wants to get the feel of those old days should look for a copy of *The Promenade Ticket*, by A. H. Sidgwick; it is still amusing, and often illuminating too.

How much have things changed? Some would say, not at all, except that we have got rid of those terrible shop-ballads that used to deface the second half of each concert. For Sir Henry Wood, read Sir Malcolm Sargent; for the Queen's Hall, read the Albert Hall; for the impresario Robert Newman, read the BBC. But there at once we feel a change in the air. The existence of broadcasting and the immense development of the gramophone have made a big difference. When Mr E. M. Forster's characters, in an early chapter of *Howards End*, listen to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony at the Queen's Hall, we sense that many of the audience, are hearing that work for the first time. It must be hard for a musical boy today to feel sure just when he first heard the Fifth, or the Unfinished, or the Emperor Concerto, or any of the popular classics which are always coming out of the loud-speaker – and always being played, too, at week-end concerts in London and the larger provincial towns. So what, we may ask, is now the point of the Proms, the still potent charm that can draw huge audiences to hear

orchestral music in an acoustically poor auditorium? Partly, no doubt, the relatively cheap seat-prices; partly the holiday season and the informal atmosphere; largely, I think, the attraction of having spread out before us a convenient chart of the standard masterpieces which we can stolidly work our way through. The Proms are a great place for catching up with things we have always meant to hear; they appeal to the self-educator in us all.

It follows that 'novelties', which mean so much to the professional musician, have never played a leading part in the scheme. Yet Sir Henry's firm old tradition of introducing a leaven of new music into his programmes has been maintained, although the choice of soloists seems rather more cautious than it used to be. This year's programmes are notable for the inclusion of three new or recent cello concertos, by Walton, Hans Werner Henze and Kenneth Leighton; and of three new or recent symphonies, Hindemith's beautiful *Symphonia Serena*, Daniel Jones's Fourth and Robert Simpson's First. Simpson's work was splendidly performed last Friday by the LPO under Sir Adrian Boult, to whom it is dedicated and by whom the HMV recording is also conducted. Together with his No. 2, recently given at Cheltenham, this Symphony establishes Simpson as a composer of considerable stature. Its one-movement form is taut and logical, without the severity or greyness of content which might seem to be implied by that description. For instance, the slow central section of the Symphony is formed out of an inversion and augmentation of one of the themes heard at the outset; but the connection, though in contrast to many such links fairly easy for the ear to detect, makes no effect of having been dragged in for pedantic reasons; on the contrary, this long 'molto tranquillo' section at once justifies itself to the ear by the beauty of its own grave polyphony; and our perception of its relationship with what has gone before is one of the joys of closer acquaintance. This fine Symphony fully justified its inclusion in the schedule of the Proms.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Kensington Gore

WHENEVER I see a play of Lorca's announced for production, I shudder. Is it not well known by now (a) that he is virtually untranslatable into an English that will strike fire in the theatre, and (b) that the blood and violence demanded of his characters is about three hundred years outside the range of modern English actors and actresses? It has been demonstrated often enough, goodness knows. Yet, nothing daunted, every highbrow producer sooner or later feels that he must have a go and gathers together his cast of charming genteel English girls and puts them through the motions of heavily sexed, blood-spitting peasants. It is painful. There should be a society for the prevention of cruelty to Kensington girls to suppress it.

Of course a time may be coming when Kensington is no longer the standard of accent and deportment on the English stage. What a revolution that will be! We can indeed already discern the faint beginnings of its displacement. In Mr Angus Wilson's *The Mulberry Bush* there was one young man who was noticeably not Oxford without being either *outré* or comic, and both the Bristol Old Vic and the Royal Court could find a young actor to convey this. And the same thing happened again with Jimmy Porter. But it is still rare. The big actors have no difficulty about managing, witness Sir Laurence's Archie Rice or Eric Portman's bogus major in the second of the two *Separate Tables* plays. But Kensington has for so long been the spiritual home of the English Theatre that it is going to take a bit of shifting. Yet if it is true, as we are often told, that class is the contemporary subject, we shall have to shift it quickly. No doubt Mr McGowan and Mr Fernald, the principals respectively of our two leading stage academies the LAMDA and RADA, are well aware of this, and we are lucky at this point of rapid change to have two such alive and progressive men teaching the young idea. I am confident that their method-trained boys and girls are already practising bed-sitting-room manners and studying the red brick rubrics (as well as being taught a number of convincing regional accents, including American ones).

A contingent from either academy would, I am sure, have made a better job of *Yerma*, the Lorca play now at the Arts. I am thinking particularly of the big scene where the women are gathered by the stream doing their washing and taunting Yerma with her barrenness. This requires in the actresses that they have rubbed shoulders with fishwives (how the Brecht company would have enjoyed it!). But it is three hundred years since actresses were recruited from that class, and are there anyhow any longer fishwives, in that sense, to rub shoulders with? Mr Clifford Williams, who produces *Yerma*, brings nothing new to his approach. He is solemn, serious, reverent. His groupings are good, his movements hieratical, his rhythms church-like. But it is not, of course, enough to expect an audience to come into a theatre reverently just because Lorca's name is on the programme, and to remain silent and deferential and hushed. If – which I doubt – there is any point in doing Lorca, it is to rape *us* out of *our* Kensingtonness (for the audience in the modern theatre is just as Kensington as the actors) and impregnate us with blood and violence.

In *Yerma* a barren woman, longing for a child, discovers at a late hour that her husband has never wanted children and she wrings his neck for him. It is admittedly a long way for us pale, sunless city-dwellers to travel to get into the heart of that experience. But gentility will never get us there, nor solemnity. And, in essence, these were all Mr Williams and his hard-trying company had to offer us.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Made-up Man

WHEN a film describes itself as 'based on' some literary original, I confess my heart sinks. I think films would do better to trust to their own basis. Then, in the jargon, 'based on' covers a multitude of sins ruled out by 'adapted from'. The last 'based on' film I saw was a French version of *Crime and Punishment* which changed everything except the title – names, characters, plot, period, locality – and all for the worse. So, among the ascriptions of *Across the Bridge* (Odeon), the words 'Based on the story by Graham Greene' did not inspire confidence. *The* story: I should know it, but didn't. Would that be as well? As it turned out, the film exuded enough excitement, irony, shabby colour, and concealed pity to send me looking for the volume in such libraries as I belong to. But, of course – a tribute to Mr. Greene – it was out; though there were other Greenes and Greens in plenty waiting.

A financier found out in London, and making the four-day train journey from New York to Mexico, where he has another million stowed away, learns from the papers that he is wanted. He has no visa. Then fate brings to his compartment a stranger, not unlike him, talkative, with a flask of whisky, and – visa. In a gruelling scene the man is made drunk, drugged, dragged along the corridor, and hoisted out into the night. Our escaper then works to make himself as much like the photograph in the passport as possible; darkens the hair about the ears, the moustache; assumes the rimless spectacles; glances into the pocket-book. There the face he has just assumed meets him from a newpaper cutting: Wanted for Murder! Fate, indeed, has stepped in.

This splendid irony – Greene's, one may be sure – is followed by others: the fugitive gets into Mexico, and saves himself by giving away the other slung from the train who gets shot by the police sent to arrest him. New troubles arise. The dead man becomes a national hero (he had been wanted for political assassination); his betrayer is spat at and refused food and lodging; the police chief wants half a million to let him go free, and a Scotland Yard detective waits with a warrant. Everything depends on the frontier, a white line on a bridge over a river. The last irony is provided by the dead man's dog, which has attached itself to his slayer; and now, his only friend, it strays over the line, and howls for him.

Rod Steiger plays the financier; and his soft ruthlessness brings dividends. He has the physical power of a Jannings or a Laughton, always underplayed. There is a delicacy, a precision in this. 'Thank you', he says more than once, and the mildness surprises. Perhaps it's a part in which he hasn't quite let go; yet it's a good one. And the

LEARNING ON THE LOAF

SCIENCE has recently been doing some searching research into our daily bread. The conclusion is, in lay terms, that bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of all the energy we—and our irrepressible children—burn up in an average hectic day.[1] But bread is much more than an energy-giver. It provides body-building protein, and essential vitamins and minerals too.[2]

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson, in a Special Report,[1] say this: "Probably the most important finding concerns the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". And that, of course, means bread. Similarly a Panel of eminent scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen, has this to say: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

Bread, in fact, is still the staff of life.

So see that your family eats plenty of bread every day — and bread at its best, good and fresh.

1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O. 1951.*
2. *All flour must contain — per 100 grams of flour: Iron — not less than 1.65 milligrams. Vitamin B_1 — not less than 0.24 milligrams. Nicotinic acid — not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O. 1950.*

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film – as you may have guessed – is a good one too, if it doesn't quite survive the blinding irony that occurs halfway through. Ken Annakin's direction sustains the American-Mexican scene far better than we should expect, with a jaunty tune during the final martyrdom that is taking *à la Third Man*.

Gunfight at the O.K. Corral (Plaza) is yet another early Western, set to a ringing ballad, taken in Texas in winter, cold-coloured, austere in its violence, with Burt Lancaster dangling defenceless wrists as a sheriff and Kirk Douglas as a dentist who has taken to whisky but still shoots straight. The opposition of these two becomes a tough alliance; and there's a final gun battle, with the two side by side, distinguished from such by the touch of feeling. I found this piece, directed by John Sturgess, bracing to look at, tense, a shade overlong, true (except for one speech) to its lights, and sustained by the conviction that makes this kind of film the most permanent thing about Hollywood. I wish – when I see the more haphazard flings of Pinewood and Elstree – we had some such sustaining legend of our own.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Tit-bits in Pickle

GOING – as I shall shortly be for a few weeks – to places in which it is unlikely that television will be laid on, I wonder how I shall feel when deprived of this opiate; for constant viewing becomes a form of drug-addiction in the critic hardly less than in other viewers, struggle as he must to retain his objectivity. (At least, though, he does not acquire 'tolerance'.)

One does not only look forward on the eve of a departure for foreign parts. One looks back, one sorts out some of those files, or piles, of unfinished business; and among these mountains of paper are many notes for critical comments which might have been printed in these necessarily selective columns. To vary the metaphor: let me now scrape the barrel of my memoranda – bearing in mind that it is not only the least luscious globules of caviare that stick to the barrel's side.

First, let me record that the most vivid memory of British television that I shall take abroad is of last week's revival of a BBC documentary showing Britain at its worst – *Tearaway*, a fictional but realistic picture of violence and terror in the slums of a northern city, as horrifying as anything to be found in Sicily or in Chicago in its worst days (except that here the police are not corruptly implicated). The conspiracy of silence imposed on a whole street by fear of the bully whose brutality none dare testify against reminded me of the conspiracy of silence in a small town in Georgia (USA) that I once visited when the Federal authorities were trying in vain to find out who had lynched four Negroes.

Next: I am sorry that I shall miss one or two programmes in Mr Betjeman's new BBC series, *The Englishman's Home*. (Sorry, too, to mention him two weeks running: I promise not to do so again for some months.) This ought to be a first-rate series: the ideal matching, one would think, of person and subject. Unfortunately, the idea has been wrongly worked out – surely not by Mr Betjeman himself? It is forcing it too much to take one great house as typical of each period, when what is really characteristic of so many English houses is that they have grown through many periods. Mr Betjeman himself, looking relatively clean and tidy, was at his best in the first of the series, on Berkeley Castle; but his lively and authentic personality made all the more questionable the device of peopling the baronial hall and kitchen with a lot of extras in medieval costume: this did indeed enable us to see spits and other gadgets in use, but had the curious effect of making this genuinely antique castle seem bogus, as if one had strayed into some county charity pageant or accidentally switched to *Sir Lancelot* or *Robin Hood*. Nor can Mr Betjeman, though not the producer, be pardoned for not having shown them how to say grace.

I find that I have not yet mentioned two newish programmes, *Place the Face* (BBC) and *Criss-Cross Quiz* (Granada). The former is so lamentable that I hope that it will have been displaced for good before I get home. More or less celebrated people (again, chiefly from show-business) are confronted with casual acquaintances from their past and expected to identify them. If they fail, as often happens, it is embarrassing for all concerned, including the viewers and the industriously jolly 'host', Mr Pete Murray; if they succeed, there is a boring brief reunion ('Well, by Jove! . . . D'you remember old so-and-so . . .?') Who cares?

Criss-Cross Quiz, in which the competitors play noughts and crosses by answering questions on a number of subjects, is one of the most successful and least offensive games yet seen on TV; and its questions are cleverly chosen to be not too hard and yet hard enough to stump some of the evidently intelligent contestants. It was amusing when one of these, asked for the name of a wall-building emperor, started to say 'Balbus' and hurriedly switched to Hadrian: just the sort of slip it must be so easy to make. Because one failure does not put you out of the game at once, there is less tension than in, say, *The* 64,000 *Question*; but after a certain point the leading player is risking his own winnings and may have the agony of seeing them dwindle to a challenger.

Another ITV quiz, *Answers, Please!*, sometimes shows up sad deficiencies in general knowledge in the fairly mature-looking youth-club teams taking part. Recently, for instance, Liverpool didn't know that the Taj Mahal was at Agra, or which fourpenny daily doesn't print news on its front page; and the opposing team, Godalming, had difficulty in saying what old soldiers do instead of dying, and didn't know which party Truman belonged to. (After long consultation, their spokesman said 'We'll *say* Democrats'.)

Whenever I have seen it lately, ITV's *This Week* has been pretty good – best of all in an item by Kenneth Harris and Norman MacKenzie about the Alger Hiss book; a British typewriter-expert showed that the disputed typewriting *could* have been fabricated. (One of the two girls whom we saw typing 'the quick brown fox', etc., was in such a hurry that she left out 'quick'!) In the same programme Mr John Osborne was angrily eloquent on débutantes, whom he called 'a ghastly kind of English joke . . . The most striking thing about them is their uselessness. They are maggots in a highly organised game of social decay. They do nothing, they produce nothing, they *are* nothing – and they dress very badly'.

The nadir of socially objectionable imbecility is still ITV's much-boosted American import, *Superman*. Recently even Superman showed himself aware that he is not universally approved of: in an episode about an election, when the wrong candidate seemed likely to be elected and the girl-friend of Superman's *alter ego* said 'Superman won't let it happen', he replied, 'Sometimes, Lois, it's not wise for people to depend on Superman to keep their own house in order'.

Numerous minor dicta, solecisms, factual errors, and illiteracies were noted. General Morgan, in *Warhead*, referred to the Russians' 'tremendous centralisation of control, which is part of their creed, as you know'. A clergyman in one of the dramatised documentary *Law and Order* series said: 'Oh, don't tell me you don't remember "*Arma viremque cano* . . ."!' It was also, I am sorry to say, on the BBC that a musical programme was introduced with the doubly appalling misquotation: 'As the poet said, "Away from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"'. In the (much missed) *Member's Mail*, an untypical citizen of Coventry said: 'We Coventry people know that niggers are loathed and despised in every white country in the world . . . Why can't we deal with them as the South Africans do?' Mr Bob Hope, having flown from America to appear on ITV for ten minutes, made one of the same jokes as on his last appearance on British television. The joke was: 'The Mayor of Woolwich met me at the airport. He gave me the key to the 'bus-station washroom and a penny'. He also described an expensive club as 'a branch of Alcoholics Anonymous – their prices take the place of will-power', and said that Mr Sinatra was so thin that he was 'the only guy who can put on a new shirt without taking the pins out'. Some even quite formal Scottish occasions have been enlivened by the modernisation of traditional airs – e.g., 'The Campbells are rocking the blues away' and 'Gin a body dig a body rockin' through the rye'. In *Zoo-time*, some references to Jupiter and Juno (names of animals) were dismissed with 'It's all Greek mythology, isn't it?' Interviewed on a new film, Miss Maureen Swanson said: 'There's another premyair on Thursday, in fact I think there's going to be four premyairs altogether'.

That about cleans out the barrel. Tomorrow, as the BBC would say, to fresh fields . . . Or, as a typical TV comedian said the other day: 'To those of you with double chins, "Chin chin"'.

TOM DRIBERG

NEW STATESMAN PROFILES

Whether you are a 'profile' in the making, a past-master 'profile' or (like the writer) relaxed in the thought that the issue is unlikely to arise, NEW STATESMAN PROFILES is a book to read and keep. Here are 46 men and women caught to some extent in undress – the writers and philosophers, politicians and scientists, and the hardly-classified people, often surprised themselves by the glare of fame turned on them by an unpredictable world. Vicky has decorated each article with a cartoon and Malcolm Muggeridge thought that they alone justified the cost of the book, while Philip Toynbee considered that the book 'genuinely contributes to our understanding of some extraordinary human beings'.

21 s.

Phoenix

Correspondence

THE 'SECRET' OF HUNGARY

SIR, — You may relax. The 'secret' is out. *Nepszabadsag*, official newspaper of the Kadar regime, has an article on 17 July that discusses the UN Commission's report. With 'profound indignation', it asks why those who 'prepared the Hungarian revolt' were not questioned by the Commission. For instance—I quote—the cultural attachés of the British, French, and American Legations: or such 'organised members' of the secret service as George Paloczi-Horvath (a well-known Hungarian writer who, fortunately for himself, escaped from Hungary last December).

There is more; and hence my letter. Who advised Paul Maleter, defender of the Kilian Barracks and principal military figure in the revolt? Who stood behind him 'in the shadows'? 'It was characteristic', confides *Nepszabadsag*, 'that Basil Davidson, head of the Hungarian unit of the Intelligence Service, was in touch with such outstanding members of the revolt as Paul Maleter and Paloczi-Horvath'. Not, mind you, that *Nepszabadsag* believes I did it all *quite* on my own. 'Maleter had also, in addition to Davidson, Colonel Cowley, Military Attaché of the British Legation, as military adviser'.

But the joke, if circumstances will allow one to regard it as a joke, has its grim side; and that is why I ask you to bring this lamentable nonsense to the attention of your readers. In the first place, it shows that the Kadar regime and its political police have reverted to the fake files, lies and 'methods' of the Rákosi regime and its political police. (This is not surprising for those who understand that the leading characters are mostly the same; but is still a point deserving some attention, especially among any who may still be hoodwinked into thinking that the Kadar regime is 'not so bad after all'.) In the second place, it leads one to fear that Paul Maleter may now be under pressure—if not worse—to 'confess' such idiocies as that I quote above. To illustrate the first point, and protest on the second, I should like to get the record straight.

It is true that, seconded from the British Army, I was a member of Special Operations Executive from 1939 until I was demobilised in 1945; and that as such, though ostensibly as something else, I worked in Hungary from January 1940 until March 1941. I escaped into Yugoslavia as the Nazis were marching through Budapest. Twice in 1944 I crossed the Danube into the Hungarian-occupied Bachka, though I never actually managed to get into Hungary proper. All this is known to a wide circle of friends, and has been several times described in print by myself and others. It is, in fact, something of which I am rather proud in a ghoulish kind of way: no British officer before me, so far as I know, crossed northward over the wartime Danube and escaped torture or death at Nazi hands.

When Laszlo Rajk was 'tried', seven years ago, my wartime presence on the Danube was used to 'prove', or help to 'prove', some miraculous and otherwise unexplained link between Tito, and the 'secret agents' who 'advised' Tito (the names of several British officers, including mine, were quoted), and Laszlo Rajk. Down I went in the Rakosi files as a 'secret agent', and as such, no doubt, I remained there.

The Kadar police know all this, of course; and I quote it here only to show the measure of lying misery into which the Kadar gang, like the Rakosi gang before it, has fallen. They know that I arrived in Budapest (after an absence of 15½ years) on 28 October 1956. They know that Paul Maleter was besieged in the Kilian Barracks until the morning of 30 October (that is, until the end of the first round of fighting in Budapest); and they know that during that time he was advised by no counsels but those of his own courage and sense of honour. But their desperate search for 'evidence of counter-revolution'—something or anything to justify their own perfidy—now drives them to revert to the old lies of the Rajk 'trial' and the Rajk 'conspiracy' and to hash them up in a new form. That the 'trial' was later officially admitted to be a fake, the 'conspiracy' non-existent, and all the evidence worthless, does not move them in the least. They are back in the 'good old days' when any lie, however improbable, was enough to serve their squalid purposes.

It is the same with George Paloczi-Horvath. I knew him during the war as a brave and principled opponent of the Nazis and their Hungarian allies (from whom, of course, Rákosi drew so many of his hangmen). The end of the war found him in England. But in 1947, as a good Socialist, he thought it his duty to go back to Hungary (leaving behind him here a promising literary career): in 1949 the Rakosi gang arrested him as a 'British spy'—his 'spy chief' being 'named' (by them, of course) as John Ennals, at that time secretary-general of the World Federation of United Nations Associations. After 13 months of brutal treatment and a 'trial' in secret, Paloczi was condemned to 15 years' imprisonment. In 1954 he was released under the Nagy amnesty, and in 1955 his case was reviewed and quashed by the Hungarian Supreme Court, which found that there were no charges to which he could or should be called on to answer. Yet now, fumbling wildly for its 'evidence', the Kadar gang goes back to the old lies again.

If the Kadar regime wants to claim some kind of status in the world, in spite of all this squalid trash, let it answer three questions. Why is Paul Maleter still in prison? Is he being tortured? What is he being tortured to 'confess'?

BASIL DAVIDSON

Daily Herald
London

THE TRIVIAL PRESS

SIR, — The real indictment against a section of the popular press is not that it is 'trivial' but that it is, at times, offensive. Francis Williams invites us to take a fresh look at what matters as news to 'different publics'.

Perhaps we should start by first trying to establish what is legitimate and what is illegitimate in the traffic of news. I have never been able to understand, for example, why newspapers should feel themselves free to disregard conventions that individual newspapermen would regard as offending rules of personal conduct.

My concern here is with the invasion of the field of private grief. In our private relations we would not think of adding to the grief or anxiety of friends, neighbours or even of strangers in times of their distress. All our instincts are to help and protect victims of personal misfortune. By what right does the press (for we must bear collective guilt) justify its disregard of these ordinary decencies?

A few weeks ago a Sunday paper published a picture of a little girl sobbing pitifully on the doorstep of her father's home. She had been brought there by her mother to spend some time with her father following an order of the court.

Reporting the court action is undoubtedly fair news. But is it legitimate (by the laws of ordinary human behaviour) to picture for the world the private grief of a sobbing little girl and a bewildered, anguished father?

The second example appeared a few days ago in a London evening paper. It was a front-page picture (no doubt 'a scoop') of a woman lying dead on a pavement after a fall from a hotel window. That woman had a husband, children, relations and friends. To see her splayed out on a pavement must have added greatly to the shock and suffering.

What is the purpose of such pictures? And what is the justification for flaunting their personal tragedies in this horrible manner? No doubt, there is a 'different public' that appreciates this type of 'news' coverage. But do we journalists approve of it?

Journalists cannot hide behind the shield that they are giving the public what it wants. Only our silence as a profession enables this type of journalism to flourish. If a start is to be made to establish a proper code for the press let us begin by defining the areas of private grief which should be regarded as sacred from public invasion.

COLIN LEGUM

29 Sussex Place, NW1

EDITORIAL FREEDOM

SIR, — In his understandable indignation at some of the circumstances surrounding the dismissal of the editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, Mr Francis Williams seems to me to encourage readers to draw a false inference.

He tells us that the editor was instructed that the board had decided that the paper must support the government. He adds that some months later the editor had 'continued to insist on his right to support Liberal principles', and goes on to talk about the Press Council's responsibility to defend the freedom of the press and invokes the name of Wilkes.

The inference readers are likely to draw is that the freedom of the press and the freedom of the editor are synonymous. I doubt if Mr Williams really means this, but if he does then he comes dangerously near propounding the doctrine of the divine right of editors to do what they please, regardless of proprietors, public and other journalists.

Those of us who have to deal with newspaper proprietors at close quarters are familiar with the device of pushing out the 'freedom of the editor' as a screen. But journalists as a body have never unreservedly accepted that doctrine. I hope they never will.

National Union of Journalists H. J. BRADLEY
22 Great Windmill Street *General Secretary*
London, W1

PARLIAMENTARY PANEL GAME

SIR, — As a Labour Party secretary, jealous of the rights of constituency parties, I have been disturbed at the recent tendency for leaders of the Labour Party and trade unions to imply that they can decide who and what sort of person shall be an MP.

The NEC wishes to allocate six seats to the Co-operative movement; Sir Tom Williamson demands

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'An amusing and capable first novel.' OBSERVER *15s.*

KNOCK OR RING

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more seats for the trade unions. The only people apparently not considered are those most concerned—the constituency labour parties. They select the candidates, they promote the candidates, they do all the work at election times and in a large number of cases they pay for the election expenses.

According to the existing procedure a constituency Labour Party has the right to decide whether it wants a Co-operative Party nominee, or a TU or an unsponsored nominee, as its parliamentary candidate. The NEC can only refuse endorsement after selection if it thinks the person is an unsuitable candidate. At that stage it is difficult for the NEC to override the decision of the constituency Labour Party unless it has very convincing reasons for so doing.

The suggestion that nominees should be vetted before selection would be damaging to the democratic structure of the Labour Party if adopted. It would be comparatively simple for the NEC to refuse to permit a person to go before a selection conference, whereas under the present system they have to think twice before refusing endorsement after selection. I have no wish to see all members of the Parliamentary Labour Party as machine yes-men, which would inevitably result if the selection of candidates was placed in the hands of Transport House.

Constituency Labour Parties may often make mistakes in selecting their candidates and members of parliament, but by and large the present system of local party autonomy leads to a more democratic Parliamentary Labour Party.

ROY SHAW

45 Hillfield Road
London, NW6

MUSIC AND THE BBC

SIR,—Dr Geoffrey Bush is only too right. As one who for some years has worked as a composer in a sort of fringe area between highbrow and low, I've noticed recently—as have others in my position—a greatly accelerated tendency for the bad in music to drive out the good, in all departments of the arts and entertainments. Even whole-time practitioners of popular music are beginning now to find that to show any sign of musicianship or imagination in their work is to risk losing the next job; and the projected new BBC arrangements are certainly going to give a stupendous fillip to this general deterioration. In my innocence I too used to think that it would be a fine and democratic thing if the people who wanted a constant 24-hours-a-day drip of inferior dance music could have it; only unfortunately it's now becoming plain that they can't have it without virtually extinguishing the more serious minority preferences in the process. To acquiese heartily in the next huge stride towards this consummation, as Mr Taylor seems to be doing, is surely a dismal betrayal.

BRUCE MONTGOMERY

Rock Hill House
Brixham
Devon

PROSTITUTION

SIR,—I read with interest your editorial protest against the spread of prostitution to new districts such as Stepney and Bayswater. You would agree, I think, that public decency requires the limitation of street-walking to a part of London where four conditions are present:

That there are no (or very few) residents to be affronted. That exorbitant rents, related to the profitability of the business carried on, are accepted and cause no hardship to home-seekers. That the police, pursuing their primary task of the defence of property, are present in strength at night. And that the district is associated with commercial relationships unalloyed by generosity or affection.

Surely, therefore, practical people and moralists of every school should concur in demanding that prostitution be concentrated in the City.

MERVYN JONES

61 Hyde Vale
London, SE10

SUMMERHILL SCHOOL SOCIETY

SIR,—You well know the Butler Act of 1944 which requires all private schools to be registered comes into force on 1 September this year. Failure to be registered would mean closing the school.

One of the greatest experiments in community living for children has been going on for the last 30 years at Summerhill School, in Leiston, under the guidance of Mr A. S. Neill. But from the inspectors' attitude after a recent inspection, it was abundantly clear that the school is well below the standard required by the Ministry. This is entirely due to a shortage of teaching staff, a difficulty which Mr Neill finds it hard to remedy because of the general economic difficulties faced by all private schools.

At an emergency meeting of parents held at Summerhill School on 27 July 1957, the matter was fully discussed. By general consent a proposal for the setting up of an association to grapple with the present emergency was adopted unanimously.

It was agreed that the association should be called 'The Summerhill Society' and that membership should be open to past and present pupils and parents and all those interested in the ideals of Summerhill.

A provisional committee was nominated and empowered to work towards the following objects:

1. To suggest ways of raising money to help pay higher salaries in order to attract the required staff, and avoiding too great an increase in fees.
2. To publicise the school with the object of attracting a full complement of pupils.
3. To explore every avenue by which the amenities of the school can be maintained and improved.
4. To form an organised body of opinion to support Mr Neill in his dealings with public authorities.
5. To foster a community feeling amongst past and present parents and pupils and sympathisers.

May I, through your columns, plead with all past parents and pupils and the great host of friends who have visited the school or read Mr Neill's books, or who sympathise with the ideals of the school to assist us by sending in their addresses to me without delay.

The annual subscription to the society is 2s. 6d., but we need additional donations.

The Summerhill Society
172 Sacombe Road
Hertford

HOWARD W. CASE
Secretary

REBELS' DAUGHTERS

SIR,—Mr. John Hatch apparently suffers from the widespread confusion common to many white liberals and armchair critics who prefer phrase-mongering and the acceptance of a fatalistic belief in the inevitable triumph of the African revolution, to facing realities.

Nowhere in my book do I present the struggles of the Garment Workers as the *main* anti-Apartheid element in recent South African history. Nor do I anywhere identify myself with 'one particular aspect' of the problem and 'slide over' inconvenient aspects of the activities of these workers. I know full well that the ultimate destiny of South Africa will be determined by the African people. My principal concern, as the book clearly shows, is not to talk twaddle about abstract 'revolutions' and the inevitable conflict between black and white, but to persuade a hundred thousand Afrikaner workers who voted Nationalist in the last election to vote anti-Nationalist in the next. Admittedly, the mere defeat of the Nationalist government will not automatically bring democracy to South Africa, but at least it will result in the break-up of the solid core of reaction and will afford possibilities to all true democrats to express their opinions on South African problems without being banned, banished or charged with high treason. If the liberals had stirred themselves to take their message of progress to the white miners, railwaymen and factory workers instead of adopting an attitude of arrogant contempt and relegating them to the camp of reaction, the Nationalist government might never have been in power.

E. S. SACHS

603 Clive Court, W9

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Santa Teresa

THE Spanish mystics were brought to the point of genius in the hot-house of the right historical season. They happen also to be early adepts of a naturalistic psychology; they are love-children of the Renaissance. They do not seek the Divine Majesty or the Divine Spouse at the circumference of speculation, but at the centre of their own souls. The Lord comes to Santa Teresa's garden; she does not go to His. And that ecstatic assertion is linked to the sense of divine mission which filled the Spaniards after the final conquest of the Moors, drove them to the New World and made them the naive and terrible destroyers of any faith except their own. The Absolute was themselves.

It is an idea that corrupts a society very rapidly, however valuable it may be to artists. In the beginning, the effects are intense and dramatic. We see, for example, Santa Teresa and her brothers eluding their parents and setting out secretly from Avila in order to beg their way to the land of the Moors in the hope of being captured and beheaded. The prank is childish; they have been reading the romances that corrupted Don Quixote, but what children they are! They live in a house in the Jewish quarter of Avila; they have seen, or their parents have, the persecution of the Jews. They are living, in everyday life, the rage against the infidel Moor. Any year now, the Moors may return for their revenge. There has been guerilla war for 600 years. So powerful is the myth in which these children are growing up that when they are brought back by their parents, they decide to be hermits and build hermitages in the garden. Santa Teresa herself played at nunneries as we used to play at doctors and schools. These actions are far, far removed from sentimental and moralistic Christianity. Indeed, when we read Santa Teresa's autobiography, we must be struck by the scarcity of moral injunction in it. It is all spiritual testing, war and adventure. No doubt the question of moral conduct is absorbed by the convenient filing system which disposes of sin by dividing it into the mortal and venial; but apart from a warning to parents to keep their children out of bad company and a mild rebuke for talking ill of people behind their backs, there is very little of the homily in her writing. She is not violent like George Fox; nor a Puritan like Bunyan, dividing his neighbours into sheep and goats. She is concerned, almost entirely, with herself, and with describing the experiences and techniques of self-perfection. She writes with the egoism and the despair of one in love. We do not have to be told, after reading her *Life*, that whatever else the process has done, it has left her a formidable administrator. Her charm lies in the fact that she remains very much a woman. She is quite clear (indeed the theme often appears in her book) that there is no length to which a woman will not go, that her mind is not to be trusted, that she must be ruled by men.

The **Life* of Santa Teresa now appears in the Penguin Classics in a new translation with an introduction by J. M. Cohen. All of her writing is personal and autobiographical and if this volume is not considered her most important work, it is the beginning. Santa Teresa is a simple, unaffected writer, rambling, garrulous, homely and racy. Her metaphors come from everyday life. The cobwebs must be swept from the soul; the garden must be watered, by the blinkered donkey drawing up the bucket at the well, or by sudden downpour; she would like the wings of a dove because its flight is soundless. When Christ appeared to her once He was rather like a painting. As for her mind: 'Your Reverence may suppose that I have a lively intelligence, but I certainly have not; I have discovered again and again that I never grasp anything unless it is fed to me spoonful by spoonful, as they say'. Hers is a natural, talking style. This has its dangers for the translator and, although Mr Cohen has done very well with a fresh modern idiom, he has his stale moments. It is hard to know what a contemporary talking prose ought to be, for popular language is debased by the conventions of the language served out to the populace by the mass media. In Santa Teresa's own style, the popular element was contained and almost isolated in proverbs. It was possible to be simple. In our usage, we have a changing vernacular; new phrases come in and many of them last no more than a couple of decades and show immediate signs of tiredness. It is important to the translator that his talking prose should be self-consistent. It should not be half plain English and half temporary slang. This danger from an uneasy vernacular is bad enough, but danger from the dead language of modern administration or business speech, is much greater. One can see the dead words seeping in in Mr Cohen's rendering of the last few lines of the Saint's famous analogy of the garden:

> Now let us see how this garden is watered, so that we may understand what we have to do, and what labour it will cost us, also whether the gain will outweigh the effort, or how long it will take. It seems to me that the garden may be watered in four different ways. Either the water must be drawn from the well, which is very laborious; or by a water-wheel and buckets, worked by a windlass—I have sometimes drawn it in this way—which is less laborious than the other, and brings up more water—or from a stream or spring, which waters the ground much better, for the soil then retains more moisture and needs watering less often, which entails far less work for the gardener; or by heavy rain, when the Lord waters it himself without any labour of ours; and this is an incomparably better method than all the rest.

'Retains', 'entails', 'incomparably'; later on we have even a 'presumably'! This is handbook English. The Saint talks in two voices. In one passage she is, very properly, a 'weak and irresolute creature'; a few lines further on she is telling people 'to exercise control over themselves and go right ahead. Let them take it from me that all this fuss is a mistake'. The effect is to introduce a vulgar briskness into writing that was already lively and racy enough. In the following passage Mr Cohen does better. The Saint is saying that there are times when she cannot form any clear idea of God:

> It is my intellect and imagination that are harming me here. My will, I believe, is good and well-disposed to all that is good. But this intellect of mine is so wild that it seems like a raving lunatic. Nobody can hold it down and I have not sufficient control over it myself to keep it quiet for a single moment. Sometimes I laugh at myself and am aware of my wretched state. Then I observe my intellect, and let it alone, to see what it will do; and miraculously—Glory be to God—it never turns to things that are really wrong, only to indifferent matters, and casts around, here, there and everywhere, for something to think about. I then become conscious of the very great favour that God bestows on me when he binds this madman in the chains of perfect contemplation. I wonder what would happen if those who think me good were to see me in this distracted state. I am deeply grieved when I see my soul in such bad company. . . . sometimes I realise that my poor physical health has a great deal to do with it. I often think of the harm done to us by original sin, for it is the cause of our inability to enjoy all benefits at once.

'To enjoy all benefits at once'—it is the unattainable and selfless aim of the artist. The *Life* contains the great metaphor of the garden and the curious practical theory of the watering—this is very Spanish—the visions of Christ, of the Devil and the Negro boy, and the description of the entrance to hell which has been jumped at by psychologists. If we find the religious plaints and self-scourging tedious and the minute attention to personal salvation pedantic and sickly either in idiom or in fact, we quickly realise that a masterpiece of self-analysis and self-portraiture is being deposited line by line. The Spaniards excel in this monotonous and accent-less precision. No artist, nor anyone working under dedication, would think her account of the ways of union or inspiration irrelevant. Thus, indeed, the soul waits for its 'Lord'.

The power of the self-portrait is in its scale and its realism. In his *Literature of the Spanish People*, Mr Gerald Brenan compares her to Montaigne and says that we know her more intimately than we know any other human being in history before the eighteenth century. The important difference is that in knowing Montaigne we know men and women. We know man. But Santa Teresa and the other Spaniards know only themselves and the God in whom they seek completion. It is the contrast between the humanist and the salvationist. We know her because she is intelligent, but also because she is naive. She does not hide the fact that she loves learned priests and that they have more than a weakness for her. The favourite daughter of her father prefers the father-figures. She almost tells us that she gets round her difficulties by discreet submission. She charms by listening.

An hysteric, she is anxious to show she

* *The Life of Saint Teresa.* A new translation by J. M. COHEN. *Penguin Books.* 3s. 6d.

knows the difference between hallucination and vision; she warns us that women need cautious handling. They must be governed. She likes a little intrigue. She is conventionally composed about the miraculous; miracles are orthodox; she does not want there to be a lot of gossip about her levitation. It happened more than once, but why talk? When Christ appeared he sometimes seemed like Himself and sometimes like a painting. 'Yet' (she honestly says) 'there were times when the vision was so indistinct that I did think it was a painting, though it bore no resemblance even to the most perfect of earthly pictures, and I have seen some good ones.' (Incidentally, it is strange to reflect that at that time she could probably never have seen a bad picture.) One gathers that, outside the convent, she met only the best society. She does not overvalue her emotional states, taking them as they come and putting them to order afterwards. She is quite able to distinguish emotional sobbing from the sterner forms of prayer. She chatters on, wandering backwards and forwards in time, forgetting, remembering again and always turning, when she is struggling to explain, to some thing or incident in everyday life. She is obviously a housekeeper; obviously, once she has made up her mind, nothing can change it. She will just pray and wait; sooner or later, people will do what she wants. She is narrow, conventional and uninquiring about the heretical world. In an aside she notices that her rich friends are miserable, not especially because of sin, but because of the petty demands of social life. In one odd sentence that goes deep into Spanish life of that period, she says that to abolish money and honour would be the remedy for everything. The attack on honour is interesting. 'Cursed be all loyalty', she writes, 'except to God'. And when she is persuading the adulterous priest to throw away the amulet his mistress has given him she reflects complacently that *she* had never 'wanted to force anyone's affection' and that women like that can never be trusted! We have, in fact, the company of a woman who is spirited and ingenuous, who is sensible rather than imaginative, but whose mind reveals itself with the candour of a changing landscape. How good it is that this original artist was not imprisoned in matrimony and driven to an early death by child-bearing.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ARE THEY PLOTTING AGAINST YOU? They did against poor Gilbert Pinfold. He came out victorious. Read about him in Evelyn Waugh's **"The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold"** (Chapman & Hall-12s 6d)

To Dumb Forgetfulness

A Villanelle in T and D

Forget, forget. . . Forget what you forget.
The diary entry: fact, name, place and date
Let go and let the loitering dead be dead.

Missed cue, lost quote, worst muddled figures yet,
The choice statistic, much mislaid of late,
Forget, forget. . . Forget what you forget.

The sidelong glance, the sigh, the oblique head,
The lifeless tone you could anticipate
Let go and let the loitering dead be dead.

The hidden face, the word too gently said
That spelled perhaps a formula of fate
Forget, forget. . . Forget what you forget.

Why should they haunt you, hold you in their debt,
Remind you of their loss? The debt is paid.
Let go and let the loitering dead be dead.

All feeling now like foliage to be shed.
Did you forget regret as well must fade?
Let go, let go. . . The loitering dead are dead.
Forgot, forgot, forgot what you forget.

I. A. RICHARDS

New Novels

A Use of Riches. By J. I. M. STEWART. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Perishable Quality. By RHYS DAVIES. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Success of Margot Masters. By HELEN HOWE. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

'Jean, étonne moi!' So Diaghilev would command the young Cocteau; and one could imagine a more than usually imaginative millionaire buying up the author of *Character and Motive in Shakespeare* in order to have the right to say, 'Stewart, astonish me!' For, as *A Use of Riches* shows—it happens to be his first straight novel that I have read—Mr Stewart is a born astonisher. 'When Mr Stewart writes detective stories he is Michael Innes', his publisher tells us, as though we need any reminding. A good deal of the pleasure to be derived from this book is of the kind one gets from watching a virtuoso of the circus or music-hall, juggler, tight-rope-walker, acrobat—that mixture of awe in the presence of abnormal dexterity and control, suspense, relief and delight. This is not, of course, a detective story. If it were, one would not dream of divulging the plot. But it is as carefully and expertly plotted as any detective novel; Mr Stewart continually surprises by his invention and ingenuity, and he never fumbles, never puts a foot wrong; and I think he should be granted the same protection that he would have if he were writing as Michael Innes.

But not even that admirable writer astonishes in the way that Mr Stewart does in his new book. There is something else besides the invention and the ingenuity. Almost insolently, Mr Stewart enforces comparisons with other writers. His theme—the relation of art to life—is Jamesian, and so is his style, which has a wit and felicity, an ease of metaphor, which will delight all who delight in the Master. But his hero, or perhaps one should say the centre of consciousness of his novel, is from Galsworthy. Rupert Craine is a banker with aesthetic leanings, the man of property as connoisseur; and he is married to the widow of John Arnander, the greatest English painter of our day and, in his life, a bit of a bounder, as painters commonly are in fiction. Just to make certain that we shan't miss the conscious parallel, Mr Stewart plants on the third page of the novel a reference to Soames Forsyte himself as he comes into Craine's mind. But if Craine inevitably suggests the Forsytes, it is as a Soames translated indeed. Mr Stewart takes everything on, as it were; he accepts all the shop-soiled and fly-blown associations that cling to the kind of person his hero is; and what emerges is a character in the round as I have never felt Soames Forsyte to be. It has always been difficult to draw a convincing character of a gentleman, meaning by that a man, as the dictionary says, of chivalrous instincts, fine feelings and good breeding; it is surely much more so now. Mr Stewart does precisely that.

I am suggesting that a main source of Mr Stewart's inspiration is literary to a degree beyond that of most novelists. Does it follow that *A Use of Riches* is to be enjoyed only by readers who recognise the derivations, the echoes? I don't think so. No doubt theirs is an added pleasure, but two things are fundamental to Mr Stewart's novel. One is that it is a superb piece of story-telling. The other is the quality Henry James called density of specification. Short as it is, *A Use of Riches* contains great variety of scene. We move from the specialised world of the City to the equally specialised worlds of the country-house, of art-dealers in Bond Street, of aristocratic Italian families. Mr Stewart appears to be at home in them all; his renderings of them are most enviably saturated with a sense of the actual. Only once, it seems to me, does he fail: with his heroine. Her I found as shadowy as Galsworthy's Irene; and partly, I suspect, because her origins in Virginia are never made real.

Mr Rhys Davies is a writer who has never quite had his due, perhaps because the level of his achievement has remained so consistent over the years that we have come to know what to expect of him. *The Perishable Quality* is completely characteristic of him. At its centre is the beautiful, warm-blooded and warm-hearted woman who cannot resist men and whom men cannot resist. She comes, of course, from a mining village in South Wales, where she has been at once a scandal and a comfort to the pious. In *The Perishable Quality*, as Eva Pritchard, a superior tart, she returns to South Wales from that other scene that stimulates Mr Davies's imagination, Soho. She is, in fact, returning to the setting of her childhood and her first conquests in order to escape the Angry Young Man who has put a spell on her. He follows, but she, out of her enormous experience of men and of herself, prevails. The whole Welsh background and the figures that move across it are presented in terms of a warm, sunny comedy, and for all the sharpness of the contrast the Soho scenes seemed to me just as good. These are dominated by the character of Williams, a Welsh poet obviously based on Dylan Thomas and drawn with an affectionate regard for its original's exuberant talent for the comic. I felt while reading that Thomas might well have preferred Mr Davies's version of him to the more solemn ones generally current.

In the United States, where 'woman' is a dirty word, the middle-class female when no longer young becomes a 'gal'. *The Success of Margot Masters* might be described as Mary McCarthy written for the gals. It is all about the best families of Boston, which is as much as to say the best families in the world, and in particular about Margot Masters, who marries into one of them

and lives in Mount Vernon Street, which is just off Beacon Hill, and in case you don't know it, a much better address than, say, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles. Margot is a spoilt woman who ruins several lives before she ends up as a columnist and radio star with her programme 'Who's Fun'. If Miss Howe could have seen the whole of her subject with the deadly eye through which she looks at Hollywood parties, this book would have been something; but generally her satire is too blurred, and she uses too many words. And for a Howe, she is surely too much impressed by Boston, whose old families, however much she admires them, can scarcely be as stuffy as she depicts them here. With her talent, Miss Howe ought to be scarifying the gals, as Miss McCarthy does, but I am afraid *The Success of Margot Masters* exists in the realm of commercial values that she is claiming to expose.

WALTER ALLEN

Holy Ardours

Richard Crashaw: A Study in Baroque Sensibility. By AUSTIN WARREN. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Crashaw is the most objected to of our poets. He has been found mawkish, morbid, insincere, obscure and lacking in self-criticism. Yet he remains enjoyed for the ordinary reason that many of his lines speak with the authority of this poet and no other. Mr Austin Warren does everything he can to remove objections by the standard and always interesting method of showing the poet and his work in their own context.

Crashaw's was a soul eagerly given to those concepts and devotions of Roman Catholicism that are most antipathetic to Protestants. In this he was the reverse image of his father, a Puritan who translated Jesuitical poems with fascinated horror: 'My thoughts are at a stand of milke and blood./ Delights of brest and side, which yields most good.' This Crashavian inheritance was pointed out by Grosart in 1872. Mr Warren, who seems unduly anxious to be original in his judgments, considers it rather dimly in an end-note.

Crashaw might with better luck have remained an Anglican, content to withdraw from time to time from the Anglo-Catholic pieties of his curacy at Little St Mary's, which he held as a Fellow of Peterhouse, to the monastic austerity of Little Gidding. But he was dispossessed in the Cromwellian onslaught of 1643 and came, as Anthony Wood says, 'to an infallible foresight that the Church of *England* would be quite ruined by the unlimited fury of the Presbyterians.' As a convert to Roman Catholicism and an exile he was powerfully influenced by the poetry and art of the Counter-Reformation. It was an ambience of religious excess. The saints were no longer painted as workers of miracles but as recipients of extraordinary grace. 'The contradictions that Protestants sought to minimise are everywhere selected for celebration. Common sense and sober judgment, "the wisdom of this world," are flagrantly violated; and prudence is made to seem a paltry thing in comparison to the extremes, often united, of pain and ecstasy.' Further, Crashaw himself must have practised the contemplative system of St Ignatius Loyola – that way out of the world through a concentration of the imagination and senses upon the sufferings of Christ:

> Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres
> As keep account of the Lamb's warres.

Mr Warren's scholarly and agreeably detailed exposition gives us a seventeenth-century Jesuit's view of Crashaw. Observing him, as is fair, through this glass we may dispose of objections to his insincerity. But 'unobjectionable' has never been a term of praise. In approaching the poems themselves Mr Warren pursues some relevant connections with Marino, Giles Fletcher and Joseph Beaumont, but he does not mention the Miltonic echoes of the Epiphany Ode which strike the common reader as evident and ludicrous: '. . . fatt Osyris now/With his fair sister cow/ Shall kick the clouds no more; but lean and tame,/See His horn'd face and dy for shame.' Though Mr Warren's suggestion that Crashaw's 'music of rhyme, assonance and consonance aims at a hypnoidal or ecstatic state' seems to me quite helpful, this book does very little to improve the impact of particular poems. It arouses our interest in Crashaw but in the end leaves us with no new conviction about the actual merits of the poetry. Readers who are sensitive to Donne and Herbert will already have discovered for themselves that Crashaw wrote many excellent lines and six good poems. For the rest, we are not abashed by his temperament or his rhetoric, but by his failure (often with fatally effective bathos) to carry his religious adoration into poetry. Crashaw died, aged 37, in 1649 after a summer of happiness as a minor cleric of the *Santa Casa* of Loreto, 'the holy ardour of his soul overheating his body.' When this happened to his poetry he is magnificent.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Urbemania

Cities in Flood. By PETER SELF. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Many people dreamed dreams in 1945 – and among those which vanished in the chill dawn of cold war, economic crisis and political expediency was the dream that at last we could plan our use of town and country. Plan? The word shrivels in the concrete canyons of London, the wilderness of Manchester and the arid suburban acres. We have almost stopped trying to stop the spread of the seven great urban blotches in which two out of five people live. Move people out of London into New Towns? Certainly. But on no account start any more such experiments, or try to stop newcomers moving in to replace them, or ensure that condemned factory space is not reoccupied. Control the central area of London? By all means. But remember land is expensive, and office blocks are profitable – so add six million square feet of office space in a year and let 70,000 more strap-hangers clog the journey to work. Do something about the Glasgow slums, because one Scotsman in six lives in three square miles of Glasgow? Splendid. Two New Towns will eventually take care of one-fifth of the 130,000 Glasgow families at present in urgent need of homes.

It is a depressing catalogue, not least because it is so full of might-have-beens. Anyone who reads Mr Self's able account of the social crimes we daily commit against ourselves and our descendants will realise that the loss of opportunity after the war was unnecessary, that there is no present need to go on stifling more and more of our population in sprawling horrors – and that it will be very remarkable if anyone succeeds in stopping the process. The facts are simple. Great cities are magnets, to which people and industry will be attracted unless they are diverted elsewhere. But the present government has backed so far away from even the foreshortened horizons glimpsed by Labour ministers that planning policy is becoming little more than a pathetic compromise between slum clearance on the one hand and private development on the other. Plan? When local government becomes poorer and more chaotic, housing standards are cut, industrial location and land use are barely conceived in coherent terms, and pettifogging remedies are produced for the overcrowding of the decaying centres of our brick deserts.

On present estimates, about two million homes will be built in the next 20 years for the people who live in the seven conurbations. But where? Even if 500,000 can be put up in the inner areas by redevelopment, and another half million are willy-nilly added to suburban sprawl, at last a million will have to be in new communities. And this means the equivalent of 20 towns the size of Reading, or 50 on the scale of the post-war New Towns. There is nothing wrong with Mr Self's arithmetic. Indeed, he is modest, for he takes no account of any building needed for towns outside the seven large blots, places such as Plymouth, Bristol or Nottingham which are already developing a middle-aged spread. We are rushing headlong into endless suburbia – unless we cry stop.

Those who wish to call a halt have to say where they will find room for these homes, and Mr Self's answer is that the New Towns and Town Development Acts must be used with speed and imagination to create new communities, properly planned and balanced, to absorb this overspill. True, there are problems. But the price of doing nothing will be higher, both in money and human discomfort, than the cost of this policy. There is no hope of accommodating the people of London, Manchester, Glasgow and Birmingham within those cities, because the density in the central areas is already so great that even towering blocks of flats – the most expensive and least popular type of home – could not mop up the people on

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standards we now consider acceptable. The advocates of 'high' development often forget that schools, open space, community buildings and so forth have to be provided, and that a point of diminishing returns is quickly reached by this solution. Manchester, for instance, estimated last year that an increase of one-third in its densities would cut the size of its population surplus by only one-seventeenth. Whether we like it or not, people are going to move out: the question is simply whether they move in an orderly and constructive fashion or whether, air- and garden-hungry, they swarm to the edges.

The erosion of planning by Tory governments has merely speeded up a process driven on by deep social pressures. Naturally, since I wish to stop this process, I hope Mr Self's book will be read by every town and county councillor, indeed by everyone who takes politics seriously, for they might then begin to recognise that the New Towns were one of the most important experiments in our social history. But that is too much to ask. Deadly statistics do not stop us smoking, and no book—even one as good as this—will cure us of urbemania.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Pity for the Mouse

A Father and his Fate. By I. COMPTON-BURNETT. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Compton-Burnett has always been fascinated by the behaviour of mice in the absence of cats. Again and again a character is believed to be dead or prematurely missing—Horace Lamb, in *Manservant and Maidservant*, Hetta Ponsonby, in *Daughters and Sons*, Fulbert Sullivan, in *Parents and Children*. *A Father and his Fate* presents the obverse of the Fulbert situation: this time not a husband is missing, but a wife. The husband, chief mouse, plays hell; the children indulge in that supreme form of Compton-Burnett play, which is to give vent to their deepest feelings through the masterly permutations and combinations of their extraordinarily restricted vocabularies.

It is astonishing how much this unique writer achieves through the use of a very small number of words. The least flowery of living novelists, she likes to let the mind beat on in its deepest and darkest simplicities. The act of thinking is, for her, not at all literary: it is the Pitman's of emotion, elegant, precise and spare.

It would be difficult to assert that *A Father and his Fate* breaks new ground: none of Miss Compton-Burnett's admirers would want her to break any. It is difficult to refrain, however, from observing that the plot of this book is rather too much like the plot of *Parents and Children* for comfort. Fulbert took a trip overseas, was reported dead, and his wife with unseemly haste got herself engaged to marry a scoundrel; Miles Mowbray, in *A Father and his Fate*, goes on a voyage with his wife Ellen, is shipwrecked but saved, and Ellen is presumed dead. Miles is all set to marry Verena, forty years his junior, when Ellen reappears in a neighbouring village, ready to take up her old place.

But Miss Compton-Burnett was hard on Ridley the seducer of Eleanor Sullivan; surprisingly, with an imaginative leap, she now ranges herself on the side of Verena. (It must be noted that both Ridley and Verena were aware that the missing partners were alive; both were prepared to commit bigamy. Miles Mowbray is worse than Eleanor Sullivan, for he, as well as Verena, was aware of his wife's continuing existence.) It is a bold leap; it is the leap one has been hoping for. It is a concession to the pathos of sheer sensual passion.

Now all this makes for a tail-twist unlike anything Miss Compton-Burnett has before attempted. Miles is, unquestionably, a skunk. Verena is, unquestionably, a climber: she longs for 'position', to be mistress, to pour the tea. (Tea-pouring is a tremendous symbol of female power in these novels.) But—and this also is unquestionable—she is in love. She adores this elderly gentleman. She has conceived his child. So when good, kind Ellen returns to her rightful place, it is she, the wife, and not the husband, who becomes chief villain. Everything is fine for Ellen. Miles's little piece can return to her place below the tea-pot, marry Miles's nephew and be content to live with him in the little west room with dressing-room attached. She has not a crumb of pity or of imaginative sympathy for the young girl who has lost everything. She is unalterably smug: she has a right to be smug: and therefore she forfeits our affection. We admire only those who have the inalienable right to be smug and the magnanimity to waive the privilege.

This is a blood-curdling novel, as indeed they all are—

> 'I am sure Aunt Eliza is good at heart', said Constance, looking after them.
>
> 'That is a hard thing to say', said Ursula—

but what one demands of Miss Compton-Burnett is just this gelid quality which is so healthily her own.

There is a quotation oddly attributed by a character to Coleridge instead of to Swinburne—this seems to be a slip. Apart from that, there are no slips: the forked tongue flickers and stings precisely the spot marked down. The wicked get away with most of their crimes. But this is new: one person, Verena, who is wicked, suffers; and does not escape scot-free; and has our pity, and is transformed at last into something remarkably like the Heroine.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Three recent additions to Proust literature are: Milton L. Miller's *Nostalgia, a Psychoanalytic Study* (Gollancz, 21*s.*); Georges Piroué's *Proust's Way* (Heinemann, 15*s.*); and Walter A. Strauss's *Proust and Literature—the Novelist as Critic* (Oxford, for Harvard, 38*s.*).

Hawfinch and Others

The Birds of the London Area. *Collins.* 30*s.*

The Hawfinch. By GUY MOUNTFORT. *Collins.* 18*s.*

J. B. S. Haldane, in one of his popular essays, once drew attention to the following remarkable sentence from the *London Bird Report for 1944*: 'The outstanding event of the year was undoubtedly the nesting of the Little Ringed Plover at a gravel-pit in Middlesex.' These two additions to the New Naturalist series further illustrate the almost obsessional way in which birds are ringed, watched, counted, written on and talked about in Britain. *The Birds of the London Area*, a compilation by seven authors of the London Natural History Society, gives a systematic list of 246 species, of which about a hundred nest in the area, with highly readable and informative notes on each. (The little ringed plover is evidently now becoming established in the many gravel pits around London.) This list, invaluable to anyone who cares to cast an eye on birds in the London parks, reservoirs or gardens, is preceded by a series of chapters on the main types of habitat—from sewage farms to the cliff-like buildings of inner London. This introductory one-third of the book can be read with pleasure by any ecologist, amateur or professional and may lead Londoners to observe their surroundings with new eyes.

> Buildings offer safe sites to those able to take advantage of them, and besides those species which commonly nest on or in buildings, like the feral pigeon, swift, black redstart, starling and sparrow, a small number of mallard and woodpigeons do so in most years. All the successful nests of the kestrel in Inner London have been on buildings. The carrion crow has twice used the Houses of Parliament . . . and mistle thrushes have built on steel scaffolding in the Temple, on the stands erected for the Coronation and in the iron canopy of a statue at St. Paul's School.

The Hawfinch comes at the opposite end of the spectrum of good books on birds. It is the result of many years of study—and could only be so, since *Coccothraustes coccothraustes*, the kernel-breaker or Grosbeak, is an exceedingly elusive bird despite its conspicuous colours and distinctive form. The book is illustrated with many superb photographs, taken by Eric Hosking and others, and with some admirable line drawings by Keith Shackleton. A deplorable omission, attributed to printing costs, is the bibliography, which can be consulated only if one visits the Edward Grey Institute at Oxford.

The tough nuts and other fruits, evolved by some flowering plants and serving as protection for the enclosed seed, meet their match in the formidable mandibular apparatus of the Hawfinch. This equipment, with its strengthened bones and exceptionally musculature, can exert a crushing load of up to 159 lb. Mr Mountfort, in this and other matters, provides instructive comparisons with the nearly related and much more 'ordinary'—though more numerous—chaffinch. The early chapters, on appearance and structure, general natural history and behaviour, are so well written that city dwellers, unconscious of finches and their ways, are likely to enjoy them. Mr Mountfort's interest is primarily in the birds for their own sake; but he tries to put his descriptions in the framework of current zoological notions; this should increase the interest of his book for both amateur and professional readers, even though his treatment is by no means consistently rigorous.

ANTHONY BARNETT

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Talking Turkey

Preliminary Essays. By JOHN WAIN. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Reading Lord David Cecil's new and exasperatingly banal book of essays the other day, I found myself, in the manner of Huxley's Mr Scogan, envisaging the perfect critic—a Doctor Knockespotch who should somehow combine the learning of Ker, the catholicity of Saintsbury and the enthusiasm of Quiller-Couch with the hawk-eyed pounce of Mr Graves, the austerity of Mr Eliot, the clinical purity of Professor Richards, the dizzy alertness of Professor Empson and the nonconformist conscience of Dr Leavis. Meanwhile, we have to make do with Lord David and his fake-Sheraton type of appraisal (the Yum-Yum charm school of literary enjoyment that is the logical and deathly end-product of the mandarin tradition) and, at the other extreme, Mr Wain—earnest, provoking, didactic, highly intelligent and blessedly charmless.

These essays are a bracing compound of the Leavisite and Empsonian techniques. Mr Wain shares the Doctor's moral preoccupations to the full. As he rightly says, 'we know all about the cancelled pages of the pirated ninth edition of Cudworth's sermons, while vitally important topics such as—for instance—the whole question of the inter-penetration of literary and moral judgments—have hardly anything written about them'. He has also inherited a good part of the Professor's gift for verbal analysis. Discussing Hopkins's line 'And to-fro tender tram-beams truckle at the eye', he writes:

> . . . that is not such a silly line; a candle's beams, seen through narrowed eyes when the light is filtered by the lashes, really look like lines of yellow light; and the nearest thing to these lines that can be found anywhere else is the reflection of street lighting on tram-lines in a wet town night. Hopkins would be more familiar with tram-lines, wet or dry, than we are today; he would also have seen a 'truckle-bed', which ran on castors so as to be pushed under a normal-sized bed. The beams of candle-light go gently to and fro, between the flame and the eye, as gently as a truckle-bed being pushed about. It is not a good line, but it is not absurd, to my mind.

The writer does an even better job on Mr Empson's cryptic *The Teasers* (see pages 175-177).

Obviously one doesn't agree with everything that Mr Wain says. His first and most controversial essay ('Restoration Comedy and its Modern Critics') gets off to a superficial start that would make Professor Trevor-Roper's hair stand on end: 'The Civil War,' he tells us, 'was a gigantic clash between the inherited romantic attitudes of feudalism and the practical hard head of business-like respectability'. There is the usual flavour of tart literary lifemanship inseparable from Mr Wain's school; he is inclined to clap his own mask on the faces of other poets and the result is sometimes grotesque, *e.g.* 'his [Housman's] getting himself ploughed in Greats was good strategy; it enabled him to claim not to have been trying. . . .'

Also, there is a certain provincialism about his judgments that, in so acute a critic, sometimes disheartens. This is not a redbrick smear: all I mean is that Mr Wain appears to fight shy of making Channel crossings. However violently we may disagree with what he says about Congreve – and the present reviewer could not disagree with him more – we must all applaud his attack on the boring and ugly values of Restoration drama. (The sheer tedium of *The Country Wife* revival at the Court Theatre six months ago proved just how little the city's sprouting horns affect our risibility.) Yet instead of referring the humours of Widow Blackacre and Sir Sampson Legend back to Dogberry and Bardolph, I should have preferred Mr Wain to have related Wycherley and the rest to Molière – a near-contemporary whose genius contains all the values so absent from his English counterparts and provides the ideal yardstick by which to measure their shortcomings. Again, in his otherwise admirable discussion of Arnold Bennett – I don't think anyone has ever written better of *The Old Wives' Tale* – I wish Mr Wain had emphasised Bennett's unconscious debt to Balzac, a writer to whom he owed far more than to his self-chosen mentor, Flaubert.

But these are minor quibbles. The great point about this book is that Mr Wain cares intensely about literature and that he cares intelligently. Read him on the verbal mechanics of Pound (a piece of eloquent good sense), on the way in which Hopkins, 'as the deprived poet, as the poet utterly lacking in encouragement, did the one thing that no other poet of his time was able to do . . . produced, suddenly, a new style that made all other methods seem obsolete'; read him on the place of Ovid in 'Inglit', on Tennyson and Browning (and especially on the way in which the latter's deliberately contrived 'mystification' squares with Mr. Auden's) and, above all, read him on Dylan Thomas – four-and-a-half pages of slum clearance that sweeps away the cobwebs and crocodile tears that have gathered themselves about the poet since his death. 'We want,' Mr Wain breezily sums up, 'a little less gas about Thomas, and some criticism that really talks turkey and gets down to particular instances.' In these essays he manages to talk very good turkey most of the time.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Example of Mireille

My Friend Toulouse-Lautrec. By FRANÇOIS GAUZI. *Spearman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Marc Chagall. By ANDRÉ VERDET. *Rockliff.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Portrait of Picasso. By ROLAND PENROSE. *Lund Humphries.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There is a photograph taken in the nineties of the last century of a young Parisian prostitute called Mireille. She stands there, a robe half on, dangling an empty oriental coffee-pot in one hand, insolent as Nero. Her dyed red hair is bedraggled; her right breast is bare not only to the eye but to all the consequences of time—she was shipped out to the Argentine and finished there. The photograph is partly the record of a joke—she obviously posed for it as a theatrical lark, and is wearing a raffish hat—partly a dossier, partly a medical document, partly a dramatic fragment of a life, the drama of which is only completed by what we know of her story apart from the photograph. Now compare this picture to a painting of Mireille by Toulouse-Lautrec. She was one of his favourite models, and he did his best to warn her off South America. Compare it, say, with his painting of her in *The Brothel of The Rue des Moulins.* The painting makes the photograph look innocent. In the photograph Mireille looks young; her cheek and spirit are still just discernible through the drabness of the old joke and the stale thrill. In the painting everything is tainted—flesh, dress, pose, hair, expression. In the painting she is—in the literal, not the reformer's sense—irredeemable. To immortalize is not quite what the sentimentalists think: it is to lock forever in a cycle of cause and effect. Mireille in the photograph is a girl whom one can (ineffectively) pity, condemn, envy, desire. Mireille in the painting has been robbed of all such independent ambiguity; she has become an integral part of one man's ironic yet fascinated vision of corruption. Such a transformation, revealed in a bitter and tragic way by this particular example, constitutes *the* process of creating a work of art. Life, happily or unhappily untidy with possibilities; art, ruthlessly pared down to the inevitable.

I want to establish this generalisation because with it we can begin to solve the much vexed question of how relevant an artist's private life is to those who admire his work. Naturally anything which tells us *how* an artist works or clarifies his intentions is valuable. But reminiscences or a life story can seldom do this because an artist's work is usually a mysterious muddle even to himself. What we are normally presented with is the story of the man as a man. If the revelations of this story are honest and if their primary effect is to show the contrast (sometimes dramatic, sometimes mild) between the untidy life and the sure art, then they are justified because they inevitably emphasise the heroic aspect of the artist's creating. But if the story romantically exploits the life's confusion for its own sake, or if it hides the facts under the camouflage of glamour or prestige dignity, then it is useless, impertinent or false. Like all real life distinctions this is a difficult one to draw and usually depends more upon the story-teller's attitude to his subject than upon the material itself. Nevertheless we must try to draw it. The artist is rele-

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vant not for what he is, but for what he does.

François Gauzi was a painter friend of Lautrec's. He can't write and he says nothing very profound explicitly. But Lautrec obviously liked him, and he, for his part, had a quite unpatronising, yet protective respect and understanding of Lautrec's bitter genius. As a result he has served Lautrec's memory with the truth as well as he can remember it, and these hundred disjointed pages are, in their way, a revealing tribute. They are justified. The eight or nine photographs of Lautrec's models are, I suppose, the book's doubtful selling point. Certainly they arrest in one way or another. But it is a great pity that they are not reproduced side by side with some of the paintings; then the kind of comparison I have here tried to make verbally, would have turned the book into a morally significant document.

The album of photographs of Chagall at home with cat, sunshine, children and whimsy is totally unjustified. And the commentary is appalling – 'Chagall . . . a woodland deity with playful malice and pathos flitting across his face by turns.' This is neither life nor art, and is an insult to both.

The Picasso volume contains over a hundred photographs recording all the stages of his personal life and a restrained biographical note by Roland Penrose. It is clearly a work of homage and includes a few historically interesting records. But as a whole it also fails, in my opinion, to pass the test. The homage should have been paid to Picasso's art, or else (though perhaps this would be impossible while he is alive) truths about his mercurial life should have been revealed in their creative contrast to his work. Anything else amounts to a kind of personality strip-tease. The year's politicians or film stars often need that kind of treatment because their function is that of limbo dummies—Life at Chequers, Life in the Swimming Pool. Picasso, although he may like this book, deserves better.

JOHN BERGER

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,432 **Set by Psmith**

The Prussians are a warlike race,
Yet agriculture will embrace;
When peace forbids the sword and shield
They cultivate the harvest field.

So runs a rhyme in a Victorian children's book. Competitors are invited to compose such four-line rhymes about any country today. Entries by 20 August.

Result of No. 1,429 **Set by Richard Lister**

The usual prizes are offered for a bouquet in 6 lines of verse to be presented to Miss Vivien Leigh for her efforts to save the St. James's.

Report

It was gratifying to see so very many competitors rushing in with their tributes. But for competition purposes enthusiasm, like patriotism, is not enough. There is also scansion, and there many fell. Then there is the delicate question of tone: as an example, how is one in a modern congratulatory verse to address the recipient? 'Dear Lady' seems altogether too Austin Dobson: 'Viv' altogether too telly-matey (though I suspect that the popularity of this usage is partly accounted for by the exigencies of rhyme). Two dissentient voices deserve mention. One was a Thomas Bodkin of Birmingham who claimed to have heard Miss Leigh in the Lords and complains (superb irony in the circumstances!) that her act lacked good taste. One may feel more sympathy with the crusted Tory view of F. B. Newbould who deplores the modern early theatre hours:

The Carlton's gone. I can't eat first
Let the damn tradesmen do their worst!

Well-turned tributes came (as one would expect) from Allan M. Laing, H. A. C. Evans, Robin Farquharson, W. G. Daish, Joyce Johnson. But finally I recommend two guineas each to P. J. Sidey and J. A. Lindon and a half guinea consolation prize to the other four.

Oh, fierce, enchanting, rowdy Leigh!
How kind to let your public seigh
Performances, so varied, freigh!

Can Felix, of St. James's, beigh
So *absolutely* horrid heigh
Will knock it down, regardless-Leigh!

P. J. SIDEY

No, my blossoms will not blend:
Plantses have unrhyming nameses!
What's to do?
Well, maybe I'd better send
Just a Fuchsia to St. James's,
And to you.

J. A. LINDON

The theatre's lease hath all too short a date,
And that bear, Bodkin, tries to seal its fate.
My Lady interrupts their Lordships' snooze –
Will all end well? Or will love's labour lose?
Meantime Sir Winston heads the list of names.
Cry – Viv for Larry, England and St. James!

JOHN BEE

Sweet Lords-and-Ladies – I protest!
(Then take the Ladies out!)
A Flag; a Bleeding-heart obsessed
With London Pride; and here, contrasting
With too little Thyme, no doubt –
Is Everlasting.

R. A. MCKENZIE

*V*iolets from front rows of flower stalls,
*I*rises for colour and audacity!
*V*alerian that thrives on threatened walls,
*I*vy that clings with courage and tenacity.
*E*nough to celebrate the famous day?
*N*o: Lords and Lady crown the whole bouquet.

SELIDEM

A LEI FOR VIVIEN

Here's *Touch-me-not*, *Forget-me-not*,
With *Bitter-sweet* and *Bleeding-heart;*
Here's *London-pride* for you;
Here's *Trumpet-flower*, and *Passion-flower*,
And – see, I tie it here apart –
Sweet *Balm* to ease your *Rue*.

GLORIA PRINCE

City Lights

New Rates for Old

The present pattern of exchange rates cannot last much longer. France, for all M. Gaillard's efforts, will be lucky to scrape through to the autumn; the cupboard is almost bare, and loans from the US or the International Monetary Fund may prove difficult to come by until Algeria has been discussed by the United Nations. Devaluation is inevitable sooner or later. The only question is when and how, and dollars are already quoted on the free market at 25 per cent above the official rate. The government may hold it off until the spring, but that is the most that can be hoped. Germany, meanwhile, is sucking in the world's gold at an increasing pace. Her foreign exchange reserves have doubled in two years, her trade surplus rose by a third in the first half of 1957, her EPU surplus last month reached the absurdly high level of $180m. Even Germans are now ready to admit that this cannot go on much longer without breaking up the EPU machinery for good. The government has done a little to help relieve the situation. Imports are to be freed further, tentative attempts have been made to lend abroad, foreign investment is being encouraged to bring down interest rates and German stock exchanges are booming. But Germany, like France, must revalue sooner or later – sooner, if the common market is to start off on the right foot. The matter may be brought up unofficially at September's meeting of the International Monetary Fund. It will have become urgent by October, when the German elections will be done with and the new government is due to report its suggestions to the OEEC.

Sterling will obviously be affected to some extent by any general revision of exchange rates. The gold reserve fell by $14m last month, and the EPU deficit increased from £10m to £18m. It is true that the tourist season is in full swing and that the French government is still scraping what sterling it can from the tills of the commercial banks. But the rush for dollar securities has been stopped for the moment, and Germany is believed to be collecting sterling in anticipation of her £75m accelerated debt repayment. The balance of payments may have improved: the gold reserve still seems destined to dwindle away.

* * *

Canadian & English Stores has done it again. Profits fell last year when shareholders expected them to rise. This year a profit of £559,000 has been turned into a loss of nearly £1m, and no dividends at all are being paid. The group, unlike other companies in a similar line of business, seems to have derived no benefit at all from the recovery in HP sales, and the City is beginning to mutter. It has some reason to do so. The managing director, whose own investment in loan stock is safe against disaster, sold shares to the public a few years ago for £4.4m which are now worth well under half that sum.

* * *

The Chancellor has at last taken the advice of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue and rolled up his umbrella. The Revenue is concerned to see that taxable income is not quietly converted into a tax-free capital profit. It has sweeping powers, for example, to ensure that private companies controlled by five or less people are not used to evade surtax by accumulating profits inside the business: when companies of this kind distribute less than a reasonable proportion of their profit as dividends, the Revenue can issue a surtax direction and tax undistributed profits as if they were the income of shareholders. But in 1947, when the campaign for dividend limitation was in full swing, it became apparent that there was a contradiction about it. Sir Stafford wanted me to keep down dividends, the Revenue threatened to increase my tax assessment if I did. So Sir Stafford promulgated the doctrine that what was regarded as a 'reasonable' level of distribution in 1947 would continue to be regarded as reasonable in the future. The umbrella has been open for a decade. However greatly profits may have soared in the interval, private companies have been able to keep their dividends pegged without fear of a surtax direction. Many people will now be sighing for the days when high dividends were regarded as a bad thing.

TAURUS

PERSONAL

YOUNG man, 21, agile and adaptable, seks. employment in France for 2 years. Any worth-while offers welcomed. Box 4344.

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Profits Tax ...	£232, 504 +	£49,942
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The Chess Board

No. 404. Prophecy Fulfilled

"He predicted a brilliant future for the young man if he continued to play chess . . . ." I quote this from the Montreal *Monde Illustré* of Nov. 15, 1893, the prophet being William Steinitz, who had been impressed by the impetuous (even if unsound) attack which that young man had ventured against the world champion in a simultaneous display at Montreal.

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-Q2, Kt-K2; (4) B-Q3, QKt-B3?; (5) P-QB3, Kt-Kt3; (6) Kt-Kt3, P-K4; (7) Q-K2, B-K3, (8) Kt-B3, B-Q3?!; (9) PxQP, BxP; (10) PxP, 0-0,!; (11) BxKt!, R-K1; (12) B-B2, KtxP; (13) KtxKt, RxKt; (14) B-K3, Q-R5!

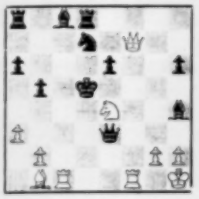
Now if only Steinitz had obliged by (15) 0—0, there would have been a mate in 3, but alas, the champion castled Q-side and soon won against his 16-year-old opponent. His name was Frank Marshall, and he certainly lived up to the champion's prediction by continuing to play chess every day of his life up to his death in 1944. He would have been eighty this very day, a fitting occasion for remembering one of the most lovable persons and one of the most intrepidly dashing players who ever graced a chess tournament. He was a record holder of brilliancy prizes. Here's how he trounced H. Wolf at Nuremberg, 1906.

(1) P-Q4 P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, PxP; (3) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; (4) Kt-B3, P-QR3; (5) P-K3, P-K3; (6) BxP, P-B4; (7) O-O, Kt-B3; (8) P-QR3, Q-B2; (9) Q-K2, P-QKt4; (10) B-R2, B-Kt2; (11) PxP, BxP; (12) P-QKt4, B-Q3; (13) B-Kt2, O-O; (14) QR-B1, QR-Q1?; (15) B-Kt1, B-R1? (Q-K2!); (16) Kt-K4!, Kt-Q4; (17) Kt (4)-Kt5, P-Kt3; (18) KtxRP!, KxKt; (19) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Kt1; (20) Q-R5!, P-B3; (21) BxKtP, R-Q2; (22) KtxP and wins.

A game which Marshall was particularly proud of is his win against Tarrasch at Hamburg, 1910. It is of some theoretical interest too because White's 15th move (first attempted in this game), has never been properly refuted. But then who would dare to play the Max Lange these days, let alone submit to it? Here it is.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-Q4, PxP; (3) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (4) B-QB4, B-B4; (5) O-O, Kt-B3; (6) P-K5, P-Q4; (7) PxKt, PxB; (8) R-K1, ch, B-K3; (9) Kt-Kt5, Q-Q4; (10) Kt-QB3, Q-B4; (11) QKt-K4, O-O-O; (12) KtxQB, PxKt; (13) P-KKt4, Q-K4; (14) PxP, KR-Kt1: (15) B-R6! (The new move, never tried before because it involves immuring the B), P-Q6; (16) P-QB3, B-Q3? (Better . . . P-Q7, followed by . . . R-Q6); (17) P-B4, Q-Q4; (18) Q-B3! (Kt-B6?), B-K2; (19) P-Kt5, Q-KB4; (20) Kt-Kt3, Q-B2; (21) Q-Kt4, QR-K1? (P-Q7!); (22) R-K4!, P-Kt4; (23) P-QR4, P-R3; (24) PxP, PxP; (25) K-Kt2!, Kt-Q1; (26) Q-B3, Q-Kt3; (27) R-Q4!, P-B3; (28) RxKt ch, KxR; (29) QxP, resigns.

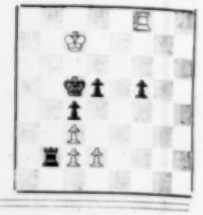
A: Frank Marshall 1932



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position, and it may be a useful hint that White, so as to achieve a mate in 5, had to go round and round the mulberry bush. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins for White. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 August.

B: Kling

C: A. S. Selesniev 1921



REPORT on No. 401. Set 20 July

A: (1) Kt-B7!, K-K1!; (2) R x R, Q x R; (3) Kt-Q8 and Kt x BP if (1) . . . K x Kt?; (2) Q-R5 ch, K-K2; (3) R x R ch, K x R; (4) R-K1 ch etc.

B: (1) B-Kt4, K-B2; (2) P-R4, K-K3; (3) P-R5, K-Q4; (4) P-R6, K-B3; (4) B-R5!, P-Q4; (5) K-Kt2 etc.

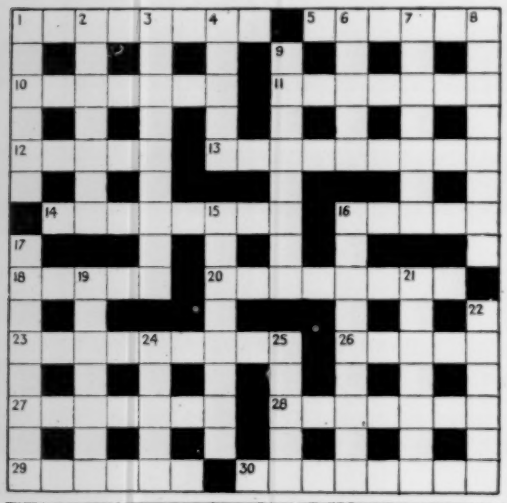
if (2) . . . K-K1; (3) P-R5, K-Q1; (4) B-Q6, K-B1; (5) P-R6.

C: (1) R-Kt3, P-K7; (2) R-K3, B-R4; (3) K-Kt4, P-B4; (4) K-B3, P-B5; (5) K-Q2, P x R ch; (6) K-K1 etc.

Some stumped by **C** and/or **B** (or even **A**), still well over a dozen flawless solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, C. Allen, K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, N. G. Wilson. In the 31st ladder-decade 1st prize: R. C. Chaturvedi who scored 906 points since he started from scratch as one of the winners of the 23rd in Nov. '55; 2nd J. R. Harman (904), one of the winners of the 26th a year ago, 3rd W. T. Maccall who totted up 884 since the 24th in Jan. '56, and 4th J. Mitchell (881 since the 25th in May last year). ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 263

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 263, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 20 Aug.



ACROSS

1. Digested, starting with fish (8).
5. Compensation for people in a sad mix-up (6).
10. Highly regarded, though always in debt apparently (7).
11. Cutting off, starting with an ancient city (7).
12. Town which returns a piece of meat with nothing on it (5).
13. Reciters who make a sharp break with poetry (9).
14. Voyage for a fairy and then some (8).
16. To publish is to prosecute (5).
18. A tax for a race-course (5).
20. This city would be a nuisance if the growth were removed (8).
23. Wondered at the change of level in the drink put back (9).
26. Practice of the tory intellectual? (5).
27. Tamburlaine was God's (7).
28. 'With wild thyme and the ——— vine o'ergrown' (Milton) (7).
29. Bands with a female in the middle (6).
30. Lord's jacket (8).

DOWN

1. A large bottle for the child under the vehicle (6).
2. Two goddesses take different paths (7).
3. Compile a catalogue for the punctilious person (9).
4. Senior shrub (5).
6. Seas for foreign hands (5).
7. Nymphs which look first-class in a climbing chair (7).
8. Evil rites concocted for the inauspicious (8).
9. A rising business man embraced his private secretary and fell back (8).
15. Described a fair lady in a boy's grasp (8).
16. Confiscated some money in change for a dime (9).
17. Prophets who make for obscurity among friends (8).
19. Goods proceed amid anxieties (7).
21. Disturbing a bird swallowing relations (7).
22. The place of the cucumber genus (6).
24. I enter the court for a nest (5).
25. Belief that one is the deity risen? (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 261

B	E	R	T	H	■	C	A	T	H	E	D	R	A	L
R	■	E	■	I	■	R	■	A	■	L	■	H	■	I
E	F	F	E	N	D	I	■	B	I	L	L	O	W	S
A	■	R	■	D	■	B	O	■	I	■	D	■	T	■
K	N	A	V	E	■	B	O	O	K	S	H	O	P	S
A	■	I	■	M	E	■	E	■	■	P	■	■	■	■
B	A	N	D	I	E	D	■	D	E	E	P	E	N	D
L	■	T	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	I	■	■	■	■
E	P	I	T	H	E	T	■	M	A	R	G	I	N	S
■	N	■	■	E	■	U	■	N	■	T	■	P	■	■
M	I	S	P	R	I	N	T	S	■	E	V	A	D	E
O	■	U	■	O	■	A	■	S	■	L	■	N	■	■
W	O	L	F	C	U	B	■	E	N	T	R	I	E	S
E	■	T	■	K	■	L	■	L	■	A	■	E	■	■
D	I	S	A	S	T	E	R	S	■	Y	A	N	K	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 261

J. E. Humberstone (Ashton-under-Hill), Lord Conesford (Shillingford), Mrs L. Kerr (Ashtead)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ST. Marylebone. Single & double accommodation with partial board available during summer months. Phone MAI. 4154.

FOR bus. or prof. woman: charming newly decorated room in prof. couple's house. Putney near river. £2 10s. weekly. Excellent transport facilities. Box 4355.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/lit. ints. Single room 47s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

HAVE you a baby and a housing problem? We can offer accommodation in return for baby-minding at £1 p.w. Box 4506.

SELF-Contained furn. flat Oxford Circus completely detached and independent, close to B.B.C. 2 rooms, bath and kitchenette, own 'phone, radio, crockery etc. 6 gns weekly. Suitable for two to share. First time letting. Agreement for 3 years or more poss. Box 4405.

HIGH-class mod. furn. single rooms. Centr. heating, h. & c., kitchenette, frig., luxurious bathrooms, linen, service. 4gns. & 5gns. inclus. HAM. 0845.

DBL. rms., own ckg. facs., sinks. Use tel. no obj. coloured people. Nr. Turnpike La. Stn. 15 mins. West End. MOU. 6185.

UNIV. Lecturer's comf. furn. cottage Hampstead available Sept.-Jan. 8gns. Child welcome. BM/PNTY, W.C.1.

YOUNG lady wanted to share attractive house Hyde Park area. Box 4528.

W.14. Attract. furn. flat vacant Aug.-Oct. View all day Fri. RIV. 8405.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

N.W.8 attic room, f. only, nr. bus, tube. Cleaning, linen, ckg. fac., h.c.w. £3. FLA. 5402, 10-6 p.m.

PART-furn. room(s) in flat offered friendly indep. person (f). PAD. 1773.

3 girls seek 4th to share flat. GER. 7015 (Vincent) or MAI. 9950 after 7.30.

FLAT. Sleep 3. Garden. 4-6 wks. from Aug. 10. 7gns. per week. 28 Avenue Rd., Highgate, N.6. MOU. 1644.

SNGL. divan-room. H. & c. basin, ckg. facs. Business person. 50s. MAI. 2600.

REGENT'S Pk. Furn. room, h. & c., bath, kitchen, linen. 3gns. PRI. 2628.

TOP-floor priv. house (fam. 2). Furn. 1 double bdm. and 1 living-rm., ckg. facs., light, h. & c., 'phone, cleaning. Close tube/bus, W.11. £5. Box 4490.

HAMPSTEAD. Vacant now for quiet professional woman, sunny spacious one-room furn. flatlet in private flat. H. & c., central heating, own kitchenette. 4 gns. per week. References exchanged. Box 4510.

SPACIOUS 21 ft. × 20 ft. partly furn. room, use k., b. & garden. Suit bus. or prof. lady. £10 per month. TUL. 8209.

CORNWALL. Warm sheltered v. comf. furn. cottage with character, not isolated. Indoor san., el., gas. 3 gns. p.w. Oct. on. Cookesmith, Stepaside Cottage, Fowey.

BOURNEMOUTH. Double bed-sitting room to let, with breakfast. 3½ gns. each. Sept. onwards. Box 4366.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

LGE. light furn. flat, 2 rooms, dining-kit., b. Richmond Hill. £5 5s. Box 4511.

EDEN Valley. Caravan to let, 4 berth, private site. Penman, Culgaith, Penrith.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

SECRETARY (female) requires comfortably furnished flat or bed-sitting room, pref. Hampstead area. Box 4455.

HORNSEY Dist.: yng. prof. woman sks. flatlet. Pref. pt./unfurn. Box 4441.

GIRL reqs. from Sept. bed-sit. room, W.2, 8, 11 or 14. Use kit. & bath; considerate tenant; away most weekends. Box 4323.

GRADUATE and wife seek central s/c. furn. flat £4-£5 from Sept. Box 4360.

CAMBRIDGE Univ. lecturer (woman), on leave of absence, sks. small furn. s/c flat in London for 6 mths. from Oct. Box 4365.

L.S.E. Grad. (f) wants unf./semi-f. flatlet Univ. area. Mod. rent. Box 4500.

GOOD-sized unfurnished room and kitchen in private house required September. Single business woman, very quiet and reasonable tenant. Willing redecorate. Inner London suburb, preferably S.W. Box 4504.

YOUNG lady urgently requires room/share flat, cent. London. Downlands 2594.

BANK official and wife, middle-aged couple no children, seek furn. accom. Own kit. Cent. London. L.A.B., GER. 0594.

2 ENGL. bus. ladies, consid. tenants, sk. furn. flat. Own kit. L.A.B., GER. 3717.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

AUSTRALIAN visitors req. furn. flats for 12 mnths. All districts. L.A.B., GER. 0594.

PROPERTIES TO LET

TO Let furnished: Old world thatched cottage, 10 miles Bedford, 4 mins. Cambridge-Bedford bus. 2 rec., 3 bed., kitchen, bath. Elec., garage, lge. garden. Box 4450.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. Furnished cottage to let for winter. Sleeps four, moderate rent. Box 4460.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

EALING. Pleasant, semi-detached house near Ealing Broadway Stn. 3 bedr., 2 recpr., large kitchen, bath, sep. w.c. & garage space. 958 years unexpired lease. Immediate possession. £2,800. PERivale 0136.

CHARACTER house, compact, Georgian, double-fronted, quiet road, conv. W. End and City, excellent condition. 78 years lease. 5 rooms, ample cupboards, kit. Raeburn, mod. B. & Clks., Immer. heater. Secluded garden. £4,500 quick sale. Box 4499.

SMALL house of character, main street, Cotswold town. 3 bed, 2 reception, kitchen, bathroom, garage, main services, gas and electricity. £1,950. Box 368, Brindle, Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire.

SURREY. Beautifully situated bet. Peaslake & Shere. Compact bungalow. 4 rooms, k., b. Mains. Garage, greenhouse. 1¼ acres, garden, orchard. Close buses. £2,950. Box 4503.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from young men aged 20 and 21 for the UNILEVER JUNIOR TRAINING SCHEME.
Opportunities available are for potential managers on the production, marketing and general commercial sides of the companies in the group.

Those interested in production must have reached Advanced Level of the G.C.E. in two science subjects. They will be afforded every opportunity to continue their scientific education, and those who really do well will be given full-time release to help them achieve their final qualifications.

In fields other than production, Sixth Form experience, while not essential, is still an asset, and candidates must certainly possess a good G.C.E. at "O" level.

All candidates should have been active in the non-academic sides of school life, and special regard will be paid to commissioned experience during National Service.

The starting salary is £500, with increases at the end of the first and second year for those who continue to show promise, and a chance to enter the Unilever Companies' Management Development Scheme within 3 or 4 years.

Those who are interested should write for an application form to: Personnel Division (GOS/36), UNILEVER LTD., Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on 31st December, 1957; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on 31st December, 1957. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1957 may be admitted provisionally. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer. Minimum £925 (women £853): Men's scale maximum £1,135. Assistant Experimental Officer. Starting pay £365 (at 18) up to £655 (women £632) at 26. Men's scale maximum £805. These salary scales are being increased by approximately 5 per cent. Women's scales are being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Opportunities for further education. Further particulars, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/57. Interview Boards arranged at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

VACANCY.—Head of Social Insurance Department of National Union of Mineworkers. Salary £1,017 per annum. Contributory Superannuation Scheme. Apply for full details to the Secretary, National Union of Mineworkers, 5 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

FAMILY Service Units require Assistant Secretary, man or woman, for National Headquarters, to take charge of the administrative work of the organisation, including finance. Knowledge of Social Work and responsible administrative experience essential. Starting salary within the range £625-£850 according to qualifications. Appointment commences October. Further particulars from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

COVENTRY Children's Department require Child Care Officer (Female)—Salary A.P.T. I-II according to qualifications and experience, plus Local Award in certain circumstances. Further promotion to A.P.T. III according to capabilities. Social Science Diploma or Home Office Certificate and current Driving Licence essential. Details and application forms from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry, second advertisement.

DEPUTY Matron required by Coventry Children's Committee for their Residential Nursery, "The Manor," Tamworth Road, Keresley, near Coventry. This is a non-training Nursery with thirty places, N.M.C. conditions and salary, plus £26 local award in certain circumstances. Application forms and further details from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Administration. Candidates should have experience in research and social work. Duties to commence on January 1, 1958. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Applications should be sent not later than August 31, 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Physical Science. Good qualifications in any branch of the physical sciences will be considered. The post offers special opportunities for experimental work both in the development of science teaching to adult groups and in the tutor's own field of research. The tutor will be expected to co-operate closely with Departments of the Faculty of Science, especially those concerned with his own field. Salary range £900-£1,650 p.a.; initial salary according to qualifications. Applications (eight copies), together with names of two referees, should be sent by September 30, 1957, to the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CITY of York Art Gallery. Applications are invited for the position of Art Assistant. Applicants should have a University Degree and a thorough knowledge of the history of Art. The appointment will be subject to the Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities Administrative, etc., Services, to the passing of a medical examination and to the provisions of the Local Government Officers' Superannuation Act, 1953. Salary in accordance with Grade I of the scales of salaries of the above Council (i.e., £543 5s. to £625 5s.), the commencing salary to be according to ability and experience. Applications, with two testimonials and the name of one referee, should reach the undersigned by Sat., August 31, 1957. Hans Hess, Curator.

WORKERS' Educational Association. London District, require Organiser to develop Adult Education work with Trade Unions and other working class bodies. Experience in Adult Education and knowledge of Trade Union Movement desirable. Salary £600 to £750 (maximum under review). Application forms from S. Church, 28 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited from trained Social Workers and Psychiatric Social Workers in connection with two pioneer hostels for E.S.N. School Leavers to be opened in the London area, one for boys and one for girls. The first hostel for boys is likely to open early in 1958, but preliminary work is expected to start in the autumn. Experience of working with young people essential. Salary within the P.S.W. or Social Worker Scale, point of entry to be determined by experience. Applications, with names of two referees, to:—The General Sec., The National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation service. Training is provided for men and women over 21. Candidates under 30 without university qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and application forms from:— Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board (2J), Home Office, Princeton House, 271/277, High Holborn, W.C.1.

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for "problem families," developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers. Exacting but rewarding work affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social science training and previous experience of social work desirable but not essential. Resident and non-resident posts for men and women. Non-resident salary scale £425/25/650; children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope & interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in children's homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SIMPSON (Piccadilly), Ltd., offer men graduates a comprehensive training for management in their Men's selling and allied depts. Applicants should have a real interest in the retail trade and a flair for organisation. Applications in writing should be made to Personnel Manager, 34 Jermyn St., S.W.1.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

"JOURNAL of Education": Executive Editor (man or woman) required to assist part-time Chief Editor. Good science, technology or arts qualifications and experience in publishing or editing essential, together with a lively literary style. Teaching experience an advantage. Salary £850 × £50—£1,000 p.a. Applications to J. of E., 4 Fitzroy Square, London W.1, by August 31, 1957.

SCIENTIFIC Publishers (London) have a full-time editorial vacancy for a young man or woman with a degree in Chemistry or its equivalent. Some experience of editorial work, though not essential, would be an advantage. Apply Box 4406.

LARGE Trade Union in Westminster district requires Claims Assistant for Legal Department. Commencing salary £11 3s. 6d. per week, rising to £12 15s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 4461.

UNITED Nations Association requires Meetings Organizer at London Head Office. Interest in international affairs and secretarial (typing) experience. £400 × £25 to £500. Write U.N.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1.

SURREY Education Committee—Thorncbace Hostel, Merrow, Guildford. Assistant Matron required for this newly equipped and redecorated Hostel which has reopened for 20 maladjusted children (5-10 years). Conveniently situated on the outskirts of Guildford with excellent transport facilities. Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Psychotherapist reqd. at Tottenham Child Guidance Centre, Lordship Lane Clinic, Tottenham, N.17. Salary £1,150-£1,400 (male); £1,075 15s.-£1,292 12s. (female) plus "equal pay" adjustment. Recognised training and/or experc. in therapy; membership of Association of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent. Appointment may be made at intermediate point on scale having regard to previous exper. in similarly graded posts with other Local Education Authorities. Permanent. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great Georgc St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable September 9. (Quote V.817, NSN.). Canvassing disqualifies.

SECRETARY Warden with ideas, understanding and experience for pre-war Community Association. Centre in growing South Birmingham area. Salary £600 700. Small flat available. Forms from B.C.C.A., 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

REQUIRED in September, Young Woman as Assistant Club Leader in Children's Community Centre in Hertfordshire. Some experience desirable. Write full particulars to Secretary, Junior Clubs, S.C.F., 12 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.1, by August 17.

ANTI-SLAVERY Society for the Protection of Human Rights requires Assistant to the Secretary. Shorthand, simple bookkpg., etc. Hours 10-5, 5-day wk. Commencing sal. £450 p.a. Varied, interesting work. Write 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s., rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 4417.

PRIVATE Secretary (over 35) to Woman Managing Director. Interesting and unusual post. Good shorthand and typing essential. Knowledge of company law useful. Cheshire. Apply in writing to Box 4488.

THEATRICAL Agency reqs. highly competent secretary, 25-45. Good speeds. Starting salary £10-£12. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. HUNter 0676.

PART-time Secretary wanted, immediate appointment, arrangements elastic, small public relations publishing group; Manchester Square area. Box 4129.

A BUSY Bookseller requires good secretary/sh. typist. £10. H. Pordes, 138 New Cavendish Street, W.1. MUSeum 5250.

TEMPORARY Copy Typist Aug. & Sept. or longer. £8. Also immed. Temp. Sht.-Typists £9. Railton Agency, MAY 0928.

BOX Office Assistant, full or p.-time, wanted by Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq.

DO you want a temporary job? Sh. Typ. to £9. Hours 10-5. Any period. Savoy Agency, 487, Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 6336.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist, interesting & varied work, non-commercial. Commencing sal. £7 p.w. 3 weeks hol. Box 4432.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

A TEMPORARY job that is right up your street may be yours for the asking. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 6951.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN graduate (40's), Geography specialist, wants part-time work. Free after Xmas. Prefers S.E. counties. Expd. research, editing, typing. Box 4146.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, exp. adult educ., etc., fluent speaker. Part/full-time. Fair salary or good cause. Box 4512.

OXFORD grad., German, French, Russian, seeks job August-Sept. Box 4497.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff m. or f. are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

PAINTER writer interested in the "It" behind colour shape and symbolism in relation to psychiatric diagnosis seeks a 6/12 or year post as Art therapist in psychiatric hospital. Box 4338.

MALADJUSTED Children. Woman Graduate (under 60). Teaching qual. Res. exper. sks. post Sept., Oct. (London or country) (Girls pref.). No sectarian bias desired. Box 4412.

WHERE TO STAY

A SEPTEMBER Holiday at "Normanhurst," the small, congenial Hotel recomm. by rdrs. & others. 6-8½gns., incl. full board, early tea, coffees, baths, fresh fruit, beach hut. No gratuities. Twin beds; h. & c.; Slumberlands, 2 Comfortable Lounges. Vegetn. if desired. Infmtive, illus. brochure & colrd. town bklet. on request. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Best posn. on 3-mile Prom., facing full Sth. Nr. Sun-Lounge (orchestra). Tel.: Hastings 4784.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming 17th-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills just 1 hr. from London. Noted for comfort and excellent food. All b'rooms h. & c. Tel. 2516.

CORNISH Riviera (central): in lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in restful manor. Sailing. Lovely walks. Swimming. Games room. Broch. 3 Penquite Hse. Hotel, Golant, Par. Fowey 124.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front Gdns., putt. grn. Grgs. Superlative food. Aug. 10gns., Sept. 9gns.

ONE Hour from London to heart of unspoilt Sussex Downland. 18th Century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes, for comfortable rooms with breakfast. Tel. 1773.

MULLION, Cornwall. Mounts Bay Hotel offers every comfort, h. & c. all rooms, excellent cuisine. Few vacancies for summer months.

THAMESIDE Beauty Spot for your holidays. Croft House, Burcot, Nr. Oxford. Tennis, Boating, Club Lic. A.A., R.A.C.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. From 8½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

DEVON. "Fontenaye," Combemartin. Ph. 2366. Fine posn. Cl. sea. Vacs. 31st.

ILFRACOMBE. Parkroyd Hotel offers accommodation. B & B. or board from 6 gns. Brochure free. Phone 565.

A RESTFUL holiday in the peace and quiet of the Herts countryside. "Newlands," Langley Hill, Kings Langley, provides the ideal holiday from 10 gns. inclusive. Tel.: Kings Langley 2519.

OLD Jordans Hostel, near Beaconsfield, Bucks. Quaker Conference Centre and Guest House. In unspoilt rural setting amidst the Chilterns. London only 22 miles. Ideal holidays for those who prefer unhurried time and refreshment of mind and spirit. Some family accomm. still avail. Brochure & terms from Warden, or Jordans 2186.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

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